THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MARCH 1916

Soldiers' Poetry (2) ... Charles Harold Hilton

... Major L. M. Hastings, D.F.A.

... Lieut.-Col. Howard Capell

... Capt. H. Chrystie Muller

... Capt. Ronald Brown

... Edw. C. E. Thomas

... 2nd Lt. Kenneth Hare

What is to be done with the Duchess? (2) ... Bernard Shaw

Birds of the Battle Fields ... H. Thurstan Holt

The Larva of the Sacred Beetle ... Henry Fabre

Earthbred ... Caradoc Evans

Lydia Vivianna ... Arthur Symons

The Lame Dancer ... From the Yiddish

The Practical Irish ... Hardy Harrison

Canadian (2) ... Sir G. H. Johnston

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Women and their Use of the Vote ... Mrs. Henry Fawcett

Keeping the Terms ... Hon. Lieut. R. H. Tawney

The Isle of Monk ... Arnold Harrison

Books

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 15/-

HALF-YEARLY 7/6

10 HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

IMPRESSIONS

THE MOST INTERESTING BUSINESS MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

FRANK and fearless in its expression of opinion, the magazine is up to the very minute in record time. There are no technical articles. It is entertaining and inspiring, and reads with that better feeling. The literature of Living. It is intended for broadminded people who understand the necessity for hard work and enterprise, but do not overlook the pleasures.

The subscription list of IMPRESSIONS is the most valuable "Who's Who?" of business men available, and to make it more valuable and complete every day. IMPRESSIONS contains good plain straight talk about what most people think but do not care to say. The best writers and IMPRESSIONS are always together. Short stories, articles and verse by the leading men and women of the day. IMPRESSIONS is an inspiration and should be read mentally by all.

IMPRESSIONS is the magazine of the people. If you disagree with the editorials you will find the advertisements worth the money.

The Subscription Price is 6s a year. A sample copy may be had for six penny stamps.

E. C. BOTTOMLEY, 28, ROSEBERY STREET, EDINBURGH.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1918

Soldiers' Poetry (ii)

A Highland Song

By Cadet Harold Hill

OH,—oh, I have been to Morar
On a lovely summer day,
When the great white clouds in the azure sky
Were drifting dreamily,
And the woods, and bracken, and heather
Spoke softly unto me,
Of Morar with the silver sands,
And the blue, blue sea.

Oh, somewhere there's a lassie
That I'll take with me some day,
O'er the fragrant heaths, and the woody hills,
To that country far away;
To the sunlit lochs, and the mountains,
And the glens with the rowan tree;
To Morar with the silver sands,
And the blue, blue sea.

TOPSHAM BARRACKS,
EXETER.

Flower of Ease

By Major L. M. Hastings, R.F.A.

This for remembrance, my sweet,
Of the rhythm and beat
Of a waterfall under the kloof,
With the great sky for roof,
And the pool where we bathed together
In the crystal high-veld weather—
And the ring in the sedge
Where I lay at the ripples' edge,
And saw your slim, white body glow
Amidst the flow
Of foam from the gaunt Magaliesberg ledge.

Inviolate, unforgot,
The dream-flower fadeth not
Here where the lamps of Hell
Are lit round Poelcappelle,
Here where the star-shells' arc
Drowns in the crazy dark;
Where the Nor-easter's breath
Is foul with death,
And the black toadstools swell round Langemarck.
The plunge and scream
Shall not destroy the dream,
Nor the damned gas-shell's hiss
The fragrance of your kiss—
And when the Flanders rains batter and thud
On this grim waste of mud,
And a swart torrent runs
Through flooded shell-hole gullies past the guns,
In the gurgle and wash of it all
I shall recall
Sun-deluged scarp, red lilies, and the swift
Green water from the fall above the drift,
Fern on the sandy spit,
Clear clamour of bushland birds—and, noon-day lit,
Your shining beauty in the heart of it.

St. Julien, *September*, 1917.

Books for the Trenches

By Lance-Corporal Richard Capell

Books would I have, to spirit me away
From Flemish fields deflowered and weeping skies,
And let me see with God's impartial eyes
In rounded whole the human pageant-play—
Babylons half-a-hundred (flower a day,
Die!) and the doom of Egypt's dynasties.
Could I but with me carry Gibbon's wise
Ironic tale of sumptuous Rome's decay!

I pray for wider vision. Not to deem
This agony from the Yser to the Somme
In history's pattern an abnormal theme.
Books would reduce our miseries to scale,
Fitting harmonious in the august tale.
But books I've not. Ah, boys, but here's the rum!

Meeting

By Sergt. H. Christian Mellor

Somewhere (O foam-flushed heart,)
Somewhere (O boundless soul;)
Though all be far apart
The edges of the bowl
Droop and the snow-white feet
Of those who bathed in glows
Of one lone star shall meet
And lips shall touch: the rose
That wearied in the bud
Shall blossom in the mirth
Of dream-night dusks and flood
The soul ere we pass forth.

Song on Leave

By Corporal Ronald Dewar

MEG—Meg, there's a million stars,
  And the Milky Way is white;
Sweet Nature, from a thousand jars,
  Flings incense to the night.
Come,—lass, will you walk with me
  As far as the garden gate?
The world so deep in shuttered sleep
  Shall neither pry nor prate.

Meg—Meg, my being wrings
  With a quivering love for you;
Oh! I could chant of a thousand things,
  And a thousand things would do.
Come—lass, ere the magic fades,
  And I will charm your love,
With tales of what the stars are at,
  So full, so far above.

Meg—Meg, I am waiting here,
  With the fairies all in line,
They hear me call you to me, dear,
  And add their cries to mine.
Come—lass, for a short, sweet hour,
  Let us be children gay,
And swear an oath to bind us both,
  We'll wed some future day.

Sunday Evening in Pozières

Autumn, 1916

By Bdr. C. E. Thomas

I'm longing for the London bells,
Old London bells:
To see, above the Thames-side sweep,
Unsheathèd, stark against the Keep,
The grey, thin blade of Tow'r Bridge leap;
To hear great drums of traffic boom,
Forlorn and sombre, through the gloom—
While, faint, the muted Vesper swells;
To watch dusk smudge the rain-wet streets,
Gemmed with pale gules, while day retreats.
Lord! Just to see it once the same!
To hear Big Ben the hour proclaim.
And—longing for those London bells,
Brave English bells—
Sudden, I hear the whoop of shells
"Boom!"—London bells.

Salmacis

By 2nd Lieut. Kenneth Hare

THERE runs a stream amidst a meadow-land—
A lovelier never yet the eye did see,—
Upon his brink the stunted pollards stand,
And little breezes blow melodiously,
And you may hear throughout a summer noon
The slender linnet's trill, the stock-dove's croon.

Thither the young lambs straggle from the track,
And dote to see their noses in the pool,
And in affright, poor timorous fools, start back,
But not for long, for it is clear and cool,
And knows no toil but to reflect the sky
And the milk-white low-wandering butterfly,

Where flowered but now the lilies of the stream,
Then up into the safe and sapphire air
Against the godlike Sun! The shimmering bream,
That woke too late within his reedy lair,
Droops back depressed. The clover-scented breeze
Roughens the silver, slightly sways the trees,

Then all is still. A golden-headed boy,
A stripling shepherd, drew anigh to swim,
And loosed his shoe and dipped his foot with joy
To feel the water thrill his every limb:
Then from beneath his chin he drew the thorn
That fixed his sheep-cloak tattered, frayed, and torn,

And sang the while for joy. The great sun wrought
And baked his shapely body through and through,
And fired the purple in the reeds, and brought
The diamond-spark upon the water blue,
Whose river-traffic glideth there anon,—
A blossom or the feather of a swan.

The yellow oxeye grew in that sweet spot,
  The marigold and meadowsweet anigh,
And where his foot trod, the forget-me-not
  Stared upward at him with a golden eye.
    Above the stream the dainty wagtail flew,
    And far off hillocks showed a hazy blue.

The garrulous, blithe reed warblers every one
  Chattered and frolicked: on his jewelled track
The halcyon shot from shadow into sun,
  And flashed the metalled turkis of his back,
    And horse crossed neck with horse in drowsy wise,
    When each from other switched the troublous flies.

But now the boy stands naked, bathed in light,
  Exulting and collecting for a spring,—
Then dives, and lost unto the world of sight,
  Above his head the ripples form a ring
    Which, as it fleets, discloses to the eye
    Where through the cool he glides voluptuously.

Then he recut that pure translucent sheen,
  And stood, and from his gold locks shook the wet,
And rubbed his eyes. A dogwood tree yet green,
  Whose berries lacked their purplish hue as yet,
    Stood by the brink, and there beneath it lies
    A Mænad fierce, with wild love-kindling eyes

That shone like topaz. Crouchèd there she broods,—
  For when she first descried him, for his sake,
She fled the Satyrs and disdained the woods,
  And cast her cymbals underneath a brake,
    To woo this boy: he quit her with disdain,—
    Poor wild Bacchante of the Satyrs' train.

But now she shakes the chaplet from her hair
  Of the ripe-fruited wax-red mountain ash:
Her throbbing bosom warms the love-sick air,
  Her body perfumes it, the waters plash:—
    With tig'rish eye she over-runneth him,
    And makes a banquet of his every limb,

Until she can no more, but in she leapt,—
  Her hair blown outward like a sumptuous flag,—
And caught and clasped and strove with him and threapt,
  By hook or crook toward the brink to drag,—
    They sway and strain, the Mænad and the youth,
    Like naked wrestlers at a country booth.

Fordone, she cries unto the Queen of Love,
  With awful aspect haggard, full of dread,
As struck with panic: "Hence let him not move—
  It were as well done as to strike me dead!
    Stay, stay him, Goddess!" Venus hears her moan,
    And strikes her votary and the boy in one:

For so she willed it. Other some aver
  That thus the Muses wrought it in despite,
For that of old they did that place prefer
  To contemplation, that retired delight,
    And for the loves, sincere or make-believe,
    Of artless shepherds on an holy-eve.

They loiter and love, the murmuring boughs between,
  Stand for a while entranced or tongue-tied plead,
Till by a waning moon the elves are seen
  On the now darkening and now silvering mead,—
    And the owl sits within his elm so high
    With one half-shut and one part-open eye.

'Twas for such dainty dalliance, in a word,
  This glade was framed which calm peace fills and floods;
Not for war, violence, lust, as I have heard,
  Nor for the Bacchic frenzy of the woods,
    When limbs flash wild in air, and goat-feet prance
    Beneath a shade, and Pan strikes up the dance.

What is to be done with the Doctors? (iv)

By Bernard Shaw

The provisions of the Acts regulating the sale of drugs have now become so monstrous that they are bearable only because the number of people seriously needing scheduled poisons for any wholesome purpose is not sufficient to create a strong public opinion on the subject. To people with their imaginations full of the horrors of morphinomania or cocaine craving, it seems at first sight no hardship at all that a man cannot go into the nearest pharmacy and purchase a dose of morphia without paying a doctor to prescribe it, even when he has no power to compel the doctor to do so at a statutory price, and can therefore be blackmailed to the utmost of his need. But let us consider possible cases. A respectable citizen has a son wounded in the war, who is in the hands of Mr. Barker, say, or of an osteopath to whom he has resorted after the R.A.M.C. and the family registered doctor have failed completely to treat his wound successfully. Or he has a wife who, having been unskilfully treated with the X-rays, is suffering from the agonizing burn that these rays produce in the hands of doctors, however highly qualified otherwise, who have not been very carefully trained in their application; and the lady, after this frightful experience, has refused ever to consult a registered doctor again and has placed herself in the hands of, say, a Swedish medical gymnast. Or he has himself, through overwork at the War Office, brought on the sort of neuritis, or pseudo-neuritis which is one of the penalties of such overwork; and the sudden development of an acute phase of it has placed him at midnight in tormenting need of the twelfth of a grain of morphia to secure his night's sleep in view of having work to do next day for which he must fit himself at any cost. Or he is subject to paroxysms of asthma, which have no terrors

Until she can no more, but in she leapt,—
  Her hair blown outward like a sumptuous flag,—
And caught and clasped and strove with him and threapt,
  By hook or crook toward the brink to drag,—
    They sway and strain, the Mænad and the youth,
    Like naked wrestlers at a country booth.

Fordone, she cries unto the Queen of Love,
  With awful aspect haggard, full of dread,
As struck with panic: "Hence let him not move—
  It were as well done as to strike me dead!
    Stay, stay him, Goddess!" Venus hears her moan,
    And strikes her votary and the boy in one:

For so she willed it. Other some aver
  That thus the Muses wrought it in despite,
For that of old they did that place prefer
  To contemplation, that retired delight,
    And for the loves, sincere or make-believe,
    Of artless shepherds on an holy-eve.

They loiter and love, the murmuring boughs between,
  Stand for a while entranced or tongue-tied plead,
Till by a waning moon the elves are seen
  On the now darkening and now silvering mead,—
    And the owl sits within his elm so high
    With one half-shut and one part-open eye.

'Twas for such dainty dalliance, in a word,
  This glade was framed which calm peace fills and floods;
Not for war, violence, lust, as I have heard,
  Nor for the Bacchic frenzy of the woods,
    When limbs flash wild in air, and goat-feet prance
    Beneath a shade, and Pan strikes up the dance.

What is to be done with the Doctors? (iv)

By Bernard Shaw

THE provisions of the Acts regulating the sale of drugs have now become so monstrous that they are bearable only because the number of people seriously needing scheduled poisons for any wholesome purpose is not sufficient to create a strong public opinion on the subject. To people with their imaginations full of the horrors of morphinomania or cocaine craving, it seems at first sight no hardship at all that a man cannot go into the nearest pharmacy and purchase a dose of morphia without paying a doctor to prescribe it, even when he has no power to compel the doctor to do so at a statutory price, and can therefore be blackmailed to the utmost of his need. But let us consider possible cases. A respectable citizen has a son wounded in the war, who is in the hands of Mr. Barker, say, or of an osteopath to whom he has resorted after the R.A.M.C. and the family registered doctor have failed completely to treat his wound successfully. Or he has a wife who, having been unskilfully treated with the X-rays, is suffering from the agonizing burn that these rays produce in the hands of doctors, however highly qualified otherwise, who have not been very carefully trained in their application; and the lady, after this frightful experience, has refused ever to consult a registered doctor again and has placed herself in the hands of, say, a Swedish medical gymnast. Or he has himself, through overwork at the War Office, brought on the sort of neuritis, or pseudo-neuritis which is one of the penalties of such overwork; and the sudden development of an acute phase of it has placed him at midnight in tormenting need of the twelfth of a grain of morphia to secure his night's sleep in view of having work to do next day for which he must fit himself at any cost. Or he is subject to paroxysms of asthma, which have no terrors

for him if he has at hand a certain famous specific which contains a trace of cocaine, but without it make his existence miserable. These are not imaginary or far-fetched cases: they occur daily in considerable numbers under pressure of the war, and would occur in still considerable numbers in a population so large as ours if there were no war. The citizen goes to the nearest pharmacy and finds the shop full of gentlemen in khaki in urgent need of tonics. He asks for his dose of, say, morphia. The pharmacist knows him quite well, and has not the smallest doubt of the emergency and entire propriety of his demand, but he has to say, "Unless you bring me an order from a registered doctor, you or your son or your wife may agonize to death; I may not sell you the millionth of a grain." The citizen, in desperation, brings the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, Queen Alexandra, and the Lord Chancellor, who all testify to his good faith, and implore the pharmacist on their knees to relieve the acute suffering of the innocent patient. The pharmacist, less merciful than the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, and not so poor, or intimidated by the fate of Mr. Barker's anæsthetist, informs them all that he is obliged by law to regard them as either the accomplices of a murderer or the fellow-debauchees of a morphia fiend, and, on their remonstrating, hands them over to the police for inciting him to break the law. The citizen asks desperately what he is to do. The pharmacist replies that he must ring up the nearest doctor. He does so. The doctor cannot prescribe unless he sees the patient, and, before consenting to a visit, inquires whether there is anyone in charge of the case. On learning that an unregistered person is in charge of it, he refuses to prescribe, as he will himself be struck off the register if he does anything to relieve the pain of a patient who is being treated by a quack. The citizen, after expressing his opinion of the law and of the medical profession in appropriate terms, returns to the pharmacy determined to appeal to the pharmacist to connive, in common humanity, at his stealing the morphia, and to take it by violence if he refuses. In the shop, however, he is lucky enough to find an undersized gentleman, evidently not very well off, and not at all scrupulous-looking, buying hyoscin, the most dangerous poison on the schedule. The citizen asks why this shady

person can buy hyoscin when he cannot buy morphia. The pharmacist introduces the stranger as a registered doctor, by name Crippen, legally entitled to buy and dispose of everything that is forbidden to those comparatively suspicious characters, Lloyd George, Randall Cantuar, Alexandra, and Finlay aforesaid. The citizen draws this favored darling of the British Constitution aside, and offers a sovereign for a prescription of a twelfth of a grain of morphia, adding, to soften him, "It is for my wife." Dr. Crippen, deeply sympathetic, whispers that a twelfth of a grain will not be enough, and that he could improve on the prescription considerably for ten pounds. The citizen has to explain that he is fond of his wife, and has no immediate occasion for getting rid of her. Dr. Crippen apologizes for a natural misunderstanding; writes the prescription; pockets the sovereign; sends the citizen away happy; and, having paid for the hyoscin out of his sovereign, goes home and murders his own wife with it, and thereby becomes the most famous doctor of his time.

I submit that the fact that Parliament was quite easily induced to create such a possibility as this is a proof that our attitude towards the medical profession is one of an infatuation as gross as any of those recorded of the witch-doctor-ridden tribes of Africa. There are some parallels to it in our temperance legislation, which lately led to a man dying of collapse within reach of all the brandy in a public-house; but the regulations of the drink traffic are at least fiercely contested, denounced, criticized, and held in some sort of reasonable check by large and powerful bodies of political opinion, backed by formidable vested interests, whereas, at the mere utterance of the word "medical profession," the House of Commons falls under a spell as complete as that of the hypochondriac paying his hundredth doctor's bill for the treatment of a complaint that grows worse with every guinea. Nobody has yet dared to make alcohol a scheduled poison, though it is just as toxic as many scheduled poisons and far more mischievous; and nobody with money to pay for it has the smallest difficulty in procuring more of it than is good for him, or indeed in unlimited quantities, even in the teeth of his doctor's protests that he is making a suicidal and ruinous

use of it. And nobody has suggested, or is likely to suggest, that if references to the respectability of a whisky purchaser's character, and inferentially of his motives, are ever to be taken by the vendor, the testimony of the clergyman under whom the purchaser sits should be deemed worthless, and absolute validity granted to that of any shabby, needy stranger, too drunken for the remotest village poor law infirmary, and too degraded for the most forlorn hope on the Gold Coast, with a diploma thirty or forty years out of date. Not that people really believe that a drunken doctor is a being of a superior order to a sober bishop. But they do imagine that quinine and rectified spirits of wine are things of a different order to sago and rum: the latter being common articles which can be left to common people and their common grocers, whereas the former are magical things that only a specially ordained and instructed priesthood can touch without profanation and dire consequence of divine wrath. The oil-shops sell every day a ton of rank poison for every pound that is dispensed in the pharmacies. A criminal on his way home from serving his last sentence for manslaughter at Portland can buy a quart of muriatic acid, though the jail chaplain may not buy a spoonful of laudanum. The only reason is that muriatic acid is kitchen stuff and laudanum is doctor's stuff, which makes the laudanum taboo at once. There is much less sense in the distinction than there is in the Italian law forbidding anyone to carry a stiletto, though everybody may carry an equally lethal oyster-knife. On the lines of the Italian law a serious case might be made out for forbidding doctors to carry lancets or hypodermic syringes without a licence, or to use them except in the presence of a magistrate; but what sane Italian legislature would propose that anyone should be allowed to carry pistols and daggers if they produced a privately purchased prescription from a private doctor, written in Latin, to be made up by the gunmaker and swordsmith? To a medical officer of health, who is a responsible public official with duties, including the duty of accepting no private inducements to perform or not perform them, certain powers may reasonably be given. But to give tyrannous powers to Dr. Crippen to exercise just as he pleases and sell to the first comer, is abject idolatrous doctor worship, impossible to legislatures

with even the most superficial notions of science, political or medical. Even a panel doctor is not forbidden to take tips from his patients; for he may, it appears, put up a placard in his surgery which implies that panel patients will receive better advice if they hand the doctor half-a-crown than if they rely on the money they have paid the Government in insurance stamps. One does not hear of such doctors being struck off the register, though their colleague who ventured to administer nitrous oxide gas to a patient who resorted to Mr. Barker after the most eminent registered surgeons had failed to cure him, was struck off for "infamous professional conduct." Doctors are, to say the least, no worse than other men: they do a prodigious quantity of irksome work for nothing out of sheer good nature in addition to hospital work; but if Governments and juries persist in acting on the insane assumption that the doctor can do no wrong, they will finally provoke a revolt in which everybody convicted of being on the register will be guillotined.

If the consequences were not so serious, it would be impossible to present the current medical tests of the efficacy of prophylactics otherwise than as a roaring farce. Take the case of the army inoculations. These are now virtually compulsory, as the ill-treatment, the extra fatigues, and the deprivation of leave, which refusal to submit to them entails, are more dangerous than any immediately obvious effects of compliance, which is all that the statistics suggest so far. The troops are inoculated against typhoid, and assured that they are safe from it. They get typhoid in the proportions usual since the introduction of the ordinary hygiene without inoculation which was so successful in the Russo-Japanese War, and which made an end of such ravages as this disease made in our army in South Africa, where inoculation was depended on and hygiene neglected. The bacteriologists immediately investigate these cases and announce that what the men have died of is not the work of the typhoid bacillus, but of another bacillus, which produces a new disease called paratyphoid because it is just like typhoid. They combine this new bacillus with the old one in the preparation of a new "vaccine" warranted to pro-

tect against both typhoid and paratyphoid. The troops suffer from typhoid and paratyphoid as before. A fresh investigation is made, and it is discovered that there is yet another bacillus which produces another sort of paratyphoid, called, to relieve the strain of inventing new names, Paratyphoid B. A new vaccine, compounded of the previous T and A with B, is prepared, and the soldiers are inoculated all over again, and are now proof against three deadly diseases. They suffer as before; but the indefatigable bacteriologists rise to the occasion, and the discovery of Paratyphoid C and the preparation of vaccine TABC leads to the re-inoculation of the army survivors, who now, we should imagine, consist of men able to stand anything that Nature, the R.A.M.C., or the American vaccine companies can inoculate them with. Nevertheless, they succumb in sufficient numbers to prompt fresh investigation; and in due course Paratyphoid D and vaccine TABCD is added to the triumphs of Pasteurian prophylaxis. As the date of the publication of these lines is not settled at the moment of writing, I cannot give the precise letter of the alphabet at which this process has now arrived; but there is no reason to expect that it will have reached finality, as when the alphabet is run through it can recommence with AA, BB, etc. Meanwhile, a French *savante* (the laboratory lady is beginning to play a part in modern science) announces that bacilli have a Protean faculty of changing from one sort into another under the stimulus of certain rays, raising dreadful doubts as to whether A, B, C, AA, BB, CC, and the rest, may not, after all, be the same bacillus, in which case it will be necessary to have a new vaccine, the materials of which have been subjected to every possible sort of metamorphological ray, and a re-inoculation of the army, if the combined efforts of the worshippers of Pasteur (an unqualified person, by the way) and the hardly more lethal operations of Hindenburg, have by that time left any British army in being. Meanwhile, Sir Almroth Wright, whose restless activity leaves our theorists no time to breathe, seems to be driving himself, by a series of more and more closely conditioned and controlled experiments, to the conclusion, guessed at by some of the earlier and bolder vaccinators, that the tactics by which our blood combats the invasion of disease are non-specific,

or, roughly, that any vaccine is as good (or as bad) as any other for rousing our antitryptic resistance to any disease.

I am conscious that the above account is comically incredible. I can only refer sceptics to the Gallipoli Expedition. It is not even new except in its development of the old "pseudo bacillus," who used to be reputed harmless, and made the scapegoat for all the failures of the early anti-toxins and all the discoveries of incriminated bacilli in healthy people, into the parabacillus who is received with all the honours of virulence and made the subject of a special prophylaxis. It illustrates the eclipse of common sense which is apt to follow an enthusiastic interest in science; for the eye that is glued to the microscope ceases to see men life-size, and ends by imagining that individuals who occupy several cubic feet of space can be played with as easily and cheaply and simply as colonies, a billion strong, which can live on a sixpence. The doctors all know and understand that hyperæsthesia (or the magnification of sensations) produces insanity. They have not yet discovered that microscopic vision, which is an artificially produced hyperæsthesia, must produce the same effect (and does) unless it is either corrected by continual clinical experience, or is by sheer brain power kept constantly in scale with real magnitudes.

The whole inoculation craze—for the way in which it is believed in and defended shews that whatever valuable discoveries may be reached through it, it is a craze of the most extravagant kind—is obscured and confused by the variety of its applications. At one end you have the desperate empiricism of vaccination, in which you are dealing not with a discovered and identified bacillus, but with matter taken from the eruptions of a calf or a child which has been infected with smallpox or cowpox; and this matter cannot be sterilized because the active agent in it cannot be isolated, and the operator must take his chance of what may be in the stuff besides the unknown thing that causes the inoculation to "take." Then you have anti-toxin, produced by inoculating a horse with diphtheria poison from which the bacilli have been carefully removed, and, having thus cheated his vital fluids into a violent antagonism to the diphtheria poison, tapping them and injecting them

into the human diphtheria patient, with startling results: some, like the sensational fall in temperature and the disappearance of the white membrane, triumphant; others, including an occasional period of paralysis, not so satisfactory, and all subject to the objection that though the figures given by the hospitals point to a miraculous conquest of the disease by this treatment, the figures of the Registrar-General do not confirm the alleged reduction in the disease. Then you have the phagocytosis-provoking vaccines of Sir Almroth Wright, produced by simply killing the bacteria and mashing them up; for even in death they claim the power of stimulating the phagocytes to multiply mightily for the attack on them: a fact which provokes from the sceptical a reminder that it has never yet been proved that the bacilli characteristic of certain diseases are the causes of the disease, and not merely symptoms of it and carriers of its contagion.

It will be seen that the whole practice of prophylaxis is still crude and confused. Yet the medical profession did not hesitate in August, 1914, when every other section of the nation kept silent as to considerations that could discourage recruiting, to raise an alarm as to the risk of typhoid run by soldiers on active service, when they might just as easily have reassured them by reference to the successful hygiene of the Manchurian War. The avowed object of this recklessly selfish exploit was to force on the nation the system of inoculation which has been so successful in enlarging the list of human ills by Paratyphoids A, B, C, D, etc. Even if it can be proved that a real economy in military efficiency has been the result, the assurances given by eminent medical men in communications to the Press none the less shew an unscrupulousness which indicates an extraordinary personal petulance and intellectual demoralization. It is one of the standing grievances of the profession that patients are allowed to use their own judgment as to whether their doctors' orders are carried out or not. A doctor may prescribe a bottle, and the patient may empty it down the sink with absolute impunity, although from the doctor's point of view he is guilty of insulting an honorable profession and attempting suicide at the same time, to say nothing of the occasional

possibility of his starting an epidemic. Every doctor believes that he should have legal powers to compel his patients to swallow drugs, to have their limbs and breasts cut off, their internal organs extirpated, and their blood provided with exceedingly unpleasant stimulants for the phagocytes, besides dictating what they shall eat and drink and whether they shall stay at home or go out or go to bed. He believes it because he desires the good of his patients, and is convinced that he knows better than they what is good for them, as indeed no doubt he often does.

To some extent the State is compelled to yield to these monstrous pretensions. For example, if parents are to be held responsible for the care of their children's health, and the parents' notions of that care seem to the doctor to amount to criminal neglect or cruelty, and are obviously unusual, it is difficult to see what is to guide the State except the expert's evidence. Poor men who do not believe in doctors and do believe in the Epistle of St. James, and rich men who leave their children naked as to the limbs and feet, and never give them cooked food or meat, occasionally come into conflict with the law as laid down by the doctors, and suffer for it, though their children may not die oftener or be less hardy than those who never escape for a week from the family doctor. With the extension of school clinics, school meals, and public as distinguished from private and particular parental care of children, the power of the doctor will necessarily increase, and increase without any check from the common sense of juries, or from that mere impatience of control which makes it impossible to interfere beyond a certain point with adults.

The only real safeguard against the tyrannies of sectional science is lay scientific control. Medicine by itself is no more science with a big S than boxing is (pugilists, like doctors, talk of their art as science). The self-styled Science of the medical profession should be constantly checked by the political, the mathematical, and, generally, the sociological sciences. For instance, it is evident that the paratyphoid alphabet, if submitted to an expert statistical audit, would be referred back as a ghastly joke. If the proposals which have been made to render all diseases, and even wounds, harmless by a long string of inoculations,

repeated annually or oftener, were submitted to an economic audit, the auditors would "turn them down" at once on the ground that even if they were perfectly effective, they would not pay. A sociological audit would take into account the factors that continually operate in public hygiene apart from medical treatment, producing results which the doctors ignorantly appropriate as due to their specifics by putting forward as death rates and disease rates figures which are really persecution rates and poverty rates. An historical audit would make short work of the wild assumptions as to the prevalence and mortality of disease in pre-Pasteurian times, and would press on the bacteriologists who explain so glibly the spread of the old epidemics, from plague to hospital gangrene, the question, never yet faced by them, of how, on their assumptions, those epidemics spontaneously died out and permitted the human race to survive. A mathematical audit (as part of the statistical one) would pull up the doctor when he was building on the incidence of disease without taking into account the fact that the odds against any particular individual ever catching any particular disease are so much, the odds against his catching it twice so much more, and the odds against his dying of it, doctors or no doctors, so much again. All these odds and more have to be deducted before the medical figures begin to count; yet medical statisticians generally assume that everybody who is not medically protected must catch every disease under the sun, and everybody who is not treated by a doctor, and even by a particular method, must die. From these big mistakes to such amateur crudities as striking an average of two widely different figures and supposing that it represents anything real, instances can be found in the writings of our cleverest doctors. The remedy is, not less science and more *laissez-faire*, but more science and still more. A little science is a dangerous thing, and science in sciencetight compartments is worse. Bring to bear on every department the co-ordinated science of all the other departments, and the doctors will be promptly driven beyond their crudities and follies and oversights into as sound positions and as reasonable methods as humanity is capable of.

The measures immediately practicable may be roughly summed up as follows:—

1. The General Medical Council to put its house in order by revising its conditions of registration so as to admit the new systems to the canon, and their practitioners to the register: the examinations in the special branches to be conducted by their own professors. This would, of course, involve the immediate admission to the register, if not to the Council, of a certain number of "*bonâ-fide* practitioners" without further ado; but there need be no difficulty in finding persons of unquestionable qualifications, quite as highly tested in their special institutions in Sweden or America as most registered British practitioners, to conduct the new examinations.

2. The Government and the Universities to send representatives of the public and of disinterested general science to the General Medical Council instead of doctors, leaving the medical corporations to secure a minority representation of the profession.

3. The Universities to deal with such scandals as that of the boycotting of Mr. Barker by conferring honorary degrees on obviously suitable persons not on the register, and registration to be extended to the recipients of such degrees.

All this can be done forthwith, without fresh legislation. The urgent measures for which legislation would be necessary are:—

1. A revised constitution for the General Medical Council providing that—

(*a*) Medical men shall not be eligible for nomination by the Government or the Universities.

(*b*) Medical men nominated by the medical corporations shall sit as assessors only, all decisions being made by the representatives of the laity.

(*c*) All decisions of a judicial character shall be considered in the presence of legal assessors, and be subject to appeal.

(*d*) The code of professional conduct shall be approved by the Privy Council and be revised at intervals of not more than five years.

(*e*) Except for wilful violation of the code the Council shall not strike any practitioner off the register except on conviction of breach of the criminal law or suffering an adverse verdict in a civil action for malpractice; and the

practitioner shall be, if he so desires, represented by counsel.

(*f*) The proceedings of the Council shall be public; and the Council shall be accessible to deputations from voluntary professional associations or lay scientific societies (for example, the British Medical Association, the Medico-Legal Society, the Sociological Society, etc.).

2. The existing schedules of poisons shall be supplemented by a schedule of specifics containing toxicologically negligible quantities of poison for use as anodynes, soporifics, and the like, purchasable by all customers without prescription; and freedom of purchase of all substances now scheduled shall be secured to persons known to the vendor as responsible citizens or able to produce satisfactory references and credibly to allege legitimate purposes: all restrictions to apply equally to the medical profession and to the laity.

3. A public medical service, specialized, graded, and equipped with laboratories for diagnosis, conducting a full complement of school clinics, hospitals, and nursing homes, shall be a compulsory part of the machinery of Public Health in every centre of population, reporting to an independent central statistical department under lay control for the collation of its results, and the establishment of a maximum of disease and mortality beyond which the central government, by direct interference or by the withdrawal of grants-in-aid, shall not allow the figures to rise without giving the local authority cause to regret its neglect or corruption very sincerely.

Birds of the Battle Fields

By H. Thoburn-Clarke

NEVER have Nature-lovers been more astonished than by the behaviour of the birds on the battle-fronts of Western Europe. They had felt certain that all winged creatures would fly affrighted before the awfulness of the conflict, yet, if anything, the bird-life is now far more plentiful in Northern France and Flanders than before the war. No Man's Land, with its grim associations and danger for the soldiers, has proved an ideal nesting-place for thousands of birds, who build their nests, hatch their eggs, and rear their young surrounded on all sides by such warring elements that the air appears vibrant with sound and the guns are hardly ever silent.

There must be thousands of birds that meet an untimely death from gas, high explosives, and other incidents of warfare, but one rarely finds a dead body. Only once, in a nameless wood "somewhere in France," have I seen hundreds of tiny songsters lying dead under the trees. It was just at the height of the spring migration, and the night had been full of the sound of tired wings and the chirping of thousands of birds as they dropped into the trees to rest. A German strafe in the small hours of the morning had sent numerous high explosives into the wood, and numberless birds lay dead when morning dawned. I suppose the rats, beetles, weasels, and stoats that crowd every inch of the battle-front are responsible for the disappearance of the dead birds, for it is hardly possible that a wounded bird could survive for even a few hours. Only a few days ago I saw a rat chasing a wounded sparrow. The unfortunate bird could only flutter a short distance, and the rat was close on its trail, following the wounded bird with slow persistency. I was in the O.P. at the time, and could not go to the rescue, and was an unwilling spectator of the poor little bird's attempts to outdistance its pursuer. Eventually the bird fluttered into a

disused trench, the rat close upon its victim. Later on I found only some picked bones and feathers to tell that the bird had not survived the chase.

Our present position is surrounded by waste land over which the battle in the past has swayed backwards and forwards. It is traversed by deep ruts, pitted by shell-holes, and scarred by craters and the wreck of homes, yet even in this desolate waste the birds are as rampantly joyous as if the surges of war had not beat about them for over three years. The crested lark is particularly numerous, and he sings in season and out of season. On moonlight nights he trills sweetly not a hundred yards from our guns, and all day long, from the earliest dawning far into the twilight, he is singing gaily, his song sounding vividly sweet between the booming of the guns. The nests are to be found at the edge of the ruts, carefully hidden in the shelter of a tuft of withered grass. But the mother-bird is very wary, and it is difficult to track her to her home.

The land in front of a nameless town still held by the Germans has been flooded for some distance, and here the seagulls, green plover, and water-fowl revel in the dampness. This is an interesting fact, for when we were stationed much in the same place in 1915 there was not a green plover or seagull to be seen. Both had apparently left in a hurry, for it was not until the beginning of this spring that the green plover descended in thousands upon the wastes, to be followed later by the gulls. They are firmly established now, for the green plovers have reared their broods, and appear as if they had come to stay. It is weird to hear them wailing miserably in the damp, wet fogs; somehow their cries seem a fit accompaniment to the boom of the guns. There is something of irony in the song of a nightingale or blackcap punctuated by the noise of the guns; while the song of the lark, carrying one's mind back to the dainty spring-laden meadows and deep lanes embowered in greenery of the Homeland, makes one long for the blessings of peace.

Yet one hears the nightingale at all times during the warm summer nights, its liquid notes floating out upon the air. One used to sit and sing above our guns night after night, unheeding the vibration of its firing. The blackbird

builds his nest in a corner of a wire entanglement and utters his shrill alarm note at all times, although in this mysterious underworld it is only sound and the wild uplifting of the earth that worries him. Man is generally invisible, working like a mole in the darkness of the earth, and only appearing above the ground when it is dark. Thrushes chant their glorious melody all the spring through, and sometimes, when the guns are silent, one might close his eyes and imagine that he was sitting in some English copse and listening to the music of British bird-life.

All the dear familiar birds are here, with many more that are rare in England. I shall never forget seeing an oriole for the first time. The bird glanced past me like a flash of golden light, and, later on, I and a companion found the nest suspended from the end of a pendant branch, so delicately poised between the slender twigs that one wondered what would happen when a gale swayed the branch to and fro. Surely the nestlings might have a sudden fall on to the hard, bare earth beneath? The wood where I found the oriole's nest was a wonderland for birds. Not very far from our O.P. (which was situated a few hundred yards from the German trenches) stood a gnarled old hawthorn, around whose ancient roots a pond had slowly gathered, and at the time the spring rains had widened this into a marsh. A moorhen had her wet, reed-lined nest in a corner formed by the roots, and overhead, concealed amid the greenery, a pigeon had built its flimsy nest. A little to the rear was an old apple tree, from which a little owl called loudly in the twilight; while a great brown owl visited our gun position nightly, no doubt in pursuit of mice and such small deer. Talking of birds of prey reminds one that the hosts of mice have brought in their train an army of kestrels and the smaller birds of prey. The sparrowhawks hunt the birds fiercely, but I have never seen the kestrel attempt to secure a bird. These graceful little hawks are always quartering the ground seeking mice, and are extremely fearless. The only time when they show any alarm is when the earth over which they are hovering goes up skywards in a sudden and unexpected manner, then the kestrel departs in a hurry. At other times they sit on the posts of the wire entanglement and preen

their feathers with an air of total disregard of shells or snipers.

The mystery of nest-building is a strange one, the birds choosing the most extraordinary places. A pair of hawks had a nest in the crack of a slag heap, much shattered by our shells and the strafing of German guns. It was impossible to visit the site of the nest or to ascertain if the hawks succeeded in bringing off their young. A blackbird built a nest in a "camouflage" tree-stump that had done duty as a telephone exchange until we discovered it and relieved the spy of any further sending of messages. A sparrow insisted on building a nest in an ammunition waggon, and only desisted when she found the waggon changed position and moved on every day. But she must have travelled some few miles before she decided to occupy a more stable position.

I have twice discovered a hedge-sparrow's nest in wrecked waggons, and once a cuckoo had deposited her egg in the nest, and, as orders to move on did not come too quickly, I watched the tiny hedge-sparrow feeding its huge nestling, and wondered how she could find enough food for it. The young cuckoo's incessant asking for more was constantly heard. A nightingale constructed her nest on the lip of a parapet and hatched her eggs out during an unusually heavy strafe; while a thrush had her home about ten yards from one of our guns, and strange to say that neither the concussion of the gun-fire nor the sound prevented the hatching of the eggs. Of course, the robin is everywhere and equally happy, and the description of his nesting-sites would be tremendously long. Swallows, too, pay no attention to gun-fire, and the sudden opening of a hole in the roof of their particular shed does not worry them in the least. The house-martin also cares nothing for war's wild alarms. Yet both these birds must find the face of the country considerably changed each spring when they return to their home from a winter's sojourn in warmer lands.

The ruined remains of moats surrounding some of the Belgian towns are happy hunting-grounds for the birds. Here one may find blackcaps, reed, garden and many other warblers, and various tits building in little companies utterly oblivious to the sound of guns. I heard of a black-

cap building in a shell-shattered tree, which was finally destroyed by another shell, but the blackcap only moved a few feet away and made another nest in the next stump. I have found the same thing happen with other birds. They do not connect the sound of the gun or the explosion of the shell with the ruin of their home. Partridges simply swarm on No Man's Land, and it is a puzzle to understand how they manage to survive the constant use of gas by the combatants on both sides of this narrow belt of desolation. Perhaps they flee before it much in the same way as birds will fly before a bush-fire in Australia; but, whatever they do, an hour after the air has cleared birds are singing gaily, and the partridges are conducting their families over ancient grass-clad shell-holes and craters with complacent pride and a disregard of danger that is strangely evident in their attitude to the hurtling shells. What happens when a barrage is sweeping the ground one cannot imagine, for the partridges are still there when it passes, and are perfectly content.

Even the wild ducks in the marshes come and go night and morning, just as they must have done in years gone by before war racked the land. All night they squabble and argue over their domestic affairs, but when the morning comes they go off over the German trenches, returning in the evening and settling down with much clamour and commotion, apparently quite unconcerned with the surroundings. Just after the break-up of the ice in the spring I saw a lovely pure white duck come down with a flock of wild duck. No doubt it was an albino mallard, but it was impossible to make sure, as the Germans were too close to the spot to make such an investigation safe or pleasant. One of my friends informed me that he had seen an albino swallow, and had been able to examine it. It was perfectly white, and had watery-looking pink eyes.

The Larva of the Sacred Beetle*

By Henri Fabre

UNDER the thin ceiling of its burrow, the egg of the Dung-beetle known as the Sacred Beetle undergoes the varying influences of the sun, the supreme incubator. There is not, nor can there be, any fixed date for the quickening of the germ. In very hot, sunny weather, I have obtained a grub five or six days after the egg was laid; with a more moderate temperature, I have had to wait until the twelfth day. The hatching-months are June and July.

The new-born grub forthwith bites into the walls of its pear-shaped chamber, which, as we know, is built by the mother out of cattle-droppings. It starts eating its house, not anyhow, but with unerring wisdom. If it nibbled at the thin sides of its cell—and there is nothing to dissuade it from doing so, for here as elsewhere the materials are of excellent quality—if its mandibles scraped the extreme end of the pear's neck, which is the weakest point, it would make a breach in the protecting wall before it had sufficient putty to repair that breach. This putty is the material which we shall see the larva using later, when accidents of that kind occur from external causes. If it ate into its heap of provisions at random, the larva would expose itself to serious risks from the outside; at the very least, it would be liable to slip from its cradle and tumble to the ground through the open window. Once it falls out of its cell, there is no hope for the little grub. It will not know how to make its way back to the larder; and, if it does find its heap of provisions again, it will be repelled by the hard rind with its bits of grit and sand. In its wisdom, greater than any possessed by the young of the higher animals, which are always watched over by a mother, the new-born larva, still sleek and shiny with the slime of the egg, thoroughly knows the danger, and avoids it by mas-

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A. All rights reserved.

terly tactics. Though all the food around it is alike and all is to its taste, nevertheless it tackles exclusively the floor of its cell, a floor continued by the bulky pear in which bites will be permissible in every direction, as the consumer pleases.

Can any one explain why this particular spot is chosen as the starting-point, when there is nothing to distinguish it, from the point of view of food? Could the tiny creature be warned of the proximity of the outer air by the effect which a thin wall has on its sensitive skin? If so, how is this effect produced? Besides, what does a grub, that moment born, know of outside dangers? I am quite in the dark.

Or rather I begin to see daylight. I recognise once again, under another aspect, what was taught me some years ago by certain Hunting Wasps, those scientific eaters, those skilled anatomists, who can discriminate so well between the lawful and the unlawful and are consequently able to devour their prey without killing it until the end of the meal. The Sacred Beetle has his own complicated art of eating. Though he need not trouble about the preservation of the victuals, which are not liable to go bad, he has nevertheless to guard against ill-timed mouthfuls, which would rob him of his shelter. Of these dangerous mouthfuls the earliest are the most to be feared, because of the creature's weakness and the thinness of the wall. As its protection, therefore, the grub has, in its own way, the primal inspiration without which none would be able to live; it obeys the imperious voice of instinct, which says:

"There shalt thou bite and no elsewhere."

And, respecting all the rest, however tempting, it bites at the prescribed spot; it eats into the pear below the neck. In a few days it has worked its way deep down into the mass, where it waxes big and fat, transforming the filthy material into a plump, healthy larva. The matter which has disappeared, or rather which has been remelted in life's crucible, leaves empty a round cell into which the grub fits itself, curving its back under the spherical dome and bending double.

The time has come for a sight more curious than any yet displayed to me by the industrial prowess of an insect. Anxious to observe the grub in the intimacy of its home, I

open a tiny peep-hole in the belly of the pear. The head of the recluse at once appears in the opening, to enquire what is happening. The breach is perceived. The head disappears. I can just see the white back turning about in the narrow cabin; and, then and there, the window which I have made is closed with a soft, brown paste, which soon hardens.

The inside of the cabin, said I to myself, is no doubt a semi-fluid porridge. Turning round, the grub has collected an armful of this material and, completing the circuit, has stuck its load, by way of mortar, in the breach. I remove the plug. The grub acts as before, puts its head at the window, withdraws it, spins round as easily as a nut in its shell and forthwith produces a second plug as ample as the first. Forewarned of what was coming, this time I saw more clearly.

What a mistake I had made! However, I am not so much startled as I might be: in the art of defence, animals often employ means which our imagination would not dare to contemplate. It is not the grub's head that is presented at the breach, after the preliminary twisting; it is the other extremity. It does not bring an armful of its alimentary dough, gathered by scraping the walls; it excretes upon the aperture to be closed: a much more economical proceeding. Sparingly measured out, the rations must not be wasted: there is just enough to live upon. Besides, the cement is of better quality; it soon sets. Lastly, the urgent repairs are more quickly effected if the intestines lend their kindly aid.

They do, in point of fact, and to an astonishing degree. Five, six times in succession and oftener, I remove the plug; and, time after time, the mortar ejects a copious discharge from its apparently inexhaustible reservoir, which is ever at the mason's service, without an interval for rest. The grub possesses above any other animal in the world an intestinal docility which anatomy will undertake presently to explain to us in part.

The plasterer and the mason have their trowels. In the same way the grub, that zealous repairer of breaches made in its home, has a trowel of its own. The last segment is lopped off slantwise and carries on its dorsal surface a sort of inclined plane, a broad disc surrounded by a fleshy

pad. In the middle of the disc is a slit, forming the cementing-aperture. There you have your trowel, a most respectable one, flattened out and supplied with a rim to prevent the compressed matter from flowing away uselessly.

As soon as the mass of plastic matter has been emitted, the instrument sets to work to introduce the cement well into the irregularities of the breach, to push it right through the thickness of the ruined portion, to give it consistency and smooth it. After this trowel-work, the grub turns round: it comes and finishes the job with its wide forehead and improves it with the tip of its mandibles. Wait a quarter of an hour; and the repaired portion will be as firm as the rest of the shell, so quickly does the cement set. Outside, the repairs are betrayed by the irregular projections where the stuff has been forced out; but inside there is no trace of the breakage: the usual polish has been restored at the damaged spot. A plasterer stopping a hole in one of our walls could produce no better piece of work.

Nor do the worm's talents end here. With its cement it becomes a mender of pots and pans. Let me explain. The outside of the pear, which, when pressed and dried, becomes a stout shell, may be compared with a jar containing fresh food. In the course of my excavations, I have happened occasionally to break this jar with an ill-directed blow of my spade. I have collected the potsherds, pieced them together, after restoring the worm to its place, and kept the whole thing united by wrapping it in a scrap of old newspaper. On reaching home, I have found the pear put out of shape, no doubt, and seamed with scars, but just as solid as ever. During the walk, the grub had restored its ruined dwelling to condition. Cement injected into the cracks joined the pieces; inside, a thick plastering strengthened the inner wall, so much so that the repaired shell was quite as good as the untouched shell, except for the irregularity of the outer crust. In its artistically-mended stronghold, the worm found the peace essential to its existence.

The time has come to ask ourselves the reason for this plasterer's craft. Destined to live in complete darkness, does the larva stop up the cracks made in its house in order to avoid the unwelcome intrusion of the light? But

it is blind. There is no trace of an organ of sight on its yellowish headpiece. The absence of eyes, however, does not authorise us to deny the influence of the light, an influence which perhaps is vaguely resented by the grub's delicate skin. Proofs are required. Here they are.

I manage to make my breach almost in the dark. The little light that remains is just sufficient to guide my housebreaking implement. When the opening is made, I at once place the shell at the bottom of a dark box. A few minutes later the hole is stopped. Despite the darkness in which it found itself, the grub has thought fit to seal up its cell.

In small jars packed full of provisions, I bring up larvæ taken from their native pear. A pit is dug in the mass of foodstuffs, ending at the bottom in a hemisphere. This cavity, representing about the half of the pear, will be the artificial cell given in exchange for the natural one. I put the grubs on which I am experimenting into separate cells. The change of residence produces no appreciable anxiety. Finding the food of my selecting very much to their taste, they bite into the walls with their customary appetite. Exile in no way perturbs those stoical stomachs; and my attempts at breeding are pursued unchecked.

A remarkable thing now happens. All my transplanted ones work little by little to complete the round nest of which my pit represented only the lower half. I have provided the flooring. They propose to add a ceiling, a dome, and thus to shut themselves up in a spherical enclosure. The materials are the putty supplied by the intestines; the building-tool is the trowel, the inclined plane of the final segment. Soft bricks are laid on the margin of the well. When these have set, they serve as a support for a second row, sloping slightly inwards. Other rows follow and mark more and more distinctly the curve of the general structure. Also, from time to time, a wriggle of the hinder-part assists in determining the spherical conformation. In this way, without any supporting scaffold, a commanding dome is obtained, built upon space and completing the sphere which I began.

Some of them shorten the work. The glass wall of the little jar occasionally comes within range. Its smooth surface suits the taste of these fastidious polishers; its curve, to a certain extent, coincides with that of their

plan. They make use of it, doubtless not from economy of labour and time, but because, to their mind, the smooth round wall is a thing of their own making. In this way there is reserved, at the side of the cupola, a large glazed window which answers my purpose most admirably. Well, the grubs which, all day long and for weeks on end, receive the bright light of my study through this window keep as quiet as the others, eating and digesting, and never trouble to shut out any unwelcome rays with a blind made of their putty. We may take it therefore that, when the larva so eagerly closes the breach which I have made in its chamber, its object is not to protect itself from the light.

Does it fear draughts, then, when it scrupulously fills up the least cranny through which the air might enter? This again is not the solution. The temperature is the same in my room and in the grub's; besides, when I perpetrate my burglaries, the atmosphere in my study is absolutely still. I do not examine the prisoner in a gale, but in the calm of my workroom, in the even profounder calm of a glass jar. There can be no question of a cold breeze, which would be painful to a very sensitive skin. Nevertheless, the air is the enemy to be avoided at all costs. If it flowed in at all plentifully through a breach, with the dryness which the July heat imparts to it, the provisions would be desiccated. Faced with an uneatable biscuit, the grub would become languid and anæmic and would soon die of hunger. The mother, to the best of her abilities, has guarded her offspring against starvation by making her pear round and giving it a stout rind; but, for all that, her children are not released from every obligation to look after their rations. If they want bread that keeps soft and fresh, they must in their turn see to it that the pan is properly closed. Crevices may appear, fraught with grave danger. It is important to stop them up without delay. This, if I be not utterly at fault, is the reason why the grub is a plasterer armed with a trowel and provided with a workshop that can always furnish plenty of putty.

A serious objection suggests itself. The slits, the breaches, the vent-holes which I see so zealously cemented are the work of my instruments: tweezers, pen-knife, dissecting-needles. It cannot be maintained that the grub is endowed with its strange talent in order to protect itself

against the troubles brought upon it by human curiosity. What has it to fear from man, in its life underground? Nothing, or next to nothing. Since the Sacred Beetle started rolling his ball under the broad canopy of the sky, I am probably the first to worry his family in order to make them talk and instruct me. Others will come after me perhaps; but they will be very few! No, the destructive interference of man is not worth the pains of providing one's self with a trowel and cement. Then why this art of stopping crevices?

Wait. In its apparently peaceful home in the round shell that seems to give it such perfect security, the grub nevertheless has its troubles. Which of us has not, from the greatest to the smallest? They begin at birth. Though I have only touched the fringe of the matter, I am already aware of three or four sorts of grievous accidents to which the Sacred Beetle's larva is liable. Plants, animals, blind physical forces, all work its ruin by destroying its larder.

Competition is rife around the cake served up by the Sheep. When the mother Beetle arrives to take her share and manufacture her pill, the bit is often at the mercy of fellow-banqueters, of whom the smallest are the most to be dreaded. There are especially little Onthophagi, earnest workers crouching under the shelter of the cake. Some prefer to plunge into the richest part and bury themselves ecstatically in its luscious depths. One of these is Schreber's Onthophagus, who is a shiny ebon-black, with four red spots on his wing-cases. Another is the smallest of our Aphodii, who confides her eggs, here and there, to the thick part of the cake. In her hurry, the mother Beetle does not examine her plateful very carefully. While some of the Onthophagi are removed, others, buried in the centre of the mass, escape notice. Besides, the Aphodius' eggs are so small that they elude her vigilance. In this way a contaminated lump of paste is taken into the burrow and moulded.

Our garden pears suffer from vermin which disfigure them with scars. The Sacred Beetle's pears suffer even worse ravages. The Onthophagus shut in by accident ferrets about and ransacks them thoroughly. When, filled to repletion, the glutton wishes to make his exit, he pierces them with circular holes large enough to admit a lead-

pencil. The evil is worse still with the Aphodius, whose family hatch, develop and undergo their transformation in the very heart of the provisions. My notes contain descriptions of pears perforated in every direction, riddled with a multitude of holes that serve for the escape of the tiny dungworker, a parasite in spite of himself.

With table-fellows such as these, who bore ventilating-shafts in the provisions, the Sacred Beetle's grub dies if the miners be numerous. Its trowel and mortar cannot cope with so great a task. They can cope with it if the damage be slight and the intruders few. At once stopping up every passage that opens around it, the grub holds its own against the invader; it disgusts him and drives him away. The pear is saved and preserved from internal desiccation.

Various Cryptogamia have a finger in the pie. They invade the fertile soil of the pill, make it rise in scales, split it with fissures by implanting their pustules. In its shell cracked by this vegetation, the grub would die were it not for the safeguard of its mortar, which puts an end to these desiccating vent-holes.

It puts an end to them in a third case, the most frequent of all. Without the intervention of any ravager, whether animal or plant, the pear pretty often peels of its own accord, swells and cracks. Is this due to a reaction in the outer layer, which was too tightly pressed by the mother when modelling? Is it due to an attempt at fermentation? Or is it not rather the result of a contraction similar to that of clay, which splits in drying? All three causes might very well play their part.

We will now give a brief description of the grub, without stopping to enumerate the articulations of the palpi and antennæ, which are wearisome details of no immediate interest. It is a fat worm and has a fine, white skin, with pale slate-coloured reflections proceeding from the digestive organs, which are visible when you hold the creature to the light. Bent into a broken arch or hook, it is not unlike the larva of the Cockchafer, but has a much more ungainly figure, for on its back, at the sudden bend of the hook, the third, fourth and fifth segments of the abdomen swell into an enormous hump, a tumour, a bag so prominent that the skin seems on the point of bursting under

the pressure of the contents. This is the animal's most striking feature: the fact that it carries a knapsack.

The head is small in proportion to the size of the grub, slightly convex and bright-red, studded with a few pale bristles. The legs are fairly long and sturdy, ending in a pointed tarsus. The grub does not use them as a means of progression. When taken from its shell and placed upon the table, it struggles in clumsy contortions without succeeding in shifting its position; and the helpless creature betrays its anxiety by repeated discharges of its mortar.

Let us also mention the terminal trowel, that last segment lopped into a slanting disc and rimmed with a fleshy pad. In the centre of this inclined plane is the open stercoraceous slit, which thus, by a very unusual inversion, occupies the upper surface. A huge hump and a trowel: that gives you the insect in two words.

As to its internal structure, anatomy will show us the works wherein the queer cement is manufactured. The stomach, or chylific ventricle, is a long, thick cylinder, starting from the creature's neck after a very short œsophagus. It measures about three times the insect's length. In its last quarter, it carries a voluminous lateral pouch distended by the food. This is a subsidiary stomach in which the supplies are stored so as to yield their nutritive principles more thoroughly. The chylific ventricle is much too long to lie straight and twists round, in front of its appendix, in the form of a large loop occupying the dorsal surface. It is to contain this loop and the lateral bag that the back swells into a hump. The grub's knapsack is, therefore, a second paunch, an annexe, as it were, of the stomach, which is by itself incapable of holding the voluminous digestive apparatus. Four very fine, very long tubular glands, very much entangled, four Malpighian vessels, mark the limits of the chylific ventricle.

Next comes the intestine, which is narrow and cylindrical and rises in front. The intestine is followed by the rectum, which pushes backwards. This last, which is exceptionally large and furnished with stout walls, is wrinkled across, bloated and distended with its contents. There you have the roomy warehouse in which the digestive refuse accumulates; there you have the mighty ejaculator, ever ready to provide cement.

Earthbred

A Study of the London Welsh

By Caradoc Evans

BECAUSE he was diseased with a consumption, Evan Roberts in his thirtieth year left over being a drapery assistant and had himself hired as a milk roundsman.

A few weeks thereafter he said to Mary, the woman whom he had promised to wed: "How now if I had a milk-shop?"

Mary encouraged him, and searched for that which he desired; and it came to be that on a Thursday afternoon they two met at the mouth of Worship Street—the narrow lane that is at the going into Richmond.

"Stand here, Marri," Evan ordered. "Go in will I and have words with the owner. Hap I shall uncover his tricks."

"Very well you are," said Mary. "Don't over-waggle your tongue. Address him in hidden phrases."

Evan entered the shop, and as there was no one therein he made an account of the tea packets and flour bags which were on shelves. Presently a small, fat woman stood beyond the counter. Evan addressed her in English: "Are you Welsh?"

"That's what people say," the woman answered.

"Glad am I to hear you," Evan returned in Welsh. "Tell me how you was."

"A clear Cymro bach," the woman cried. "How was you?"

"Peeped did I on your name on the sign. Shall I say you are Mistress Jinkins?"

"Iss, indeed, man."

"What about affairs these close days?"

"Busy we are. Why for you ask? Trade you do in milk?"

"Blurt did I for nothing," Evan replied.

"No odds, little man. Ach y fy, there's jealous other milkmen are of us."

"Natty shop you have. Little shop and big traffic, Mistress Jinkins."

"Quick you are."

"Know you Tom Mathias, Tabernacle Street?" Evan inquired.

"Seen him have I in the big meetings at Capel King's Cross."

"Getting on he is, for certain sure. Hundred of pints he sells. And groceries."

"Pwf," Mrs. Jenkins sneered. "Fulbert you are to believe him. A liar without shame is Twm. And a cheat. Bad sampler he is of the Welsh."

"Speak I do as I hear. More thriving is your concern."

"No boast is in me. But don't we do thirty gallons?"

Evan summoned surprise into his face, and joy. "Dear me to goodness," he exclaimed. "Take something must I now. Sell you me an egg."

Evan shook the egg at his ear. "She is good," he remarked.

"Weakish is the male," observed Mrs. Jenkins. "Much trouble he has in his inside."

"Poor bach," replied Evan. "Well-well. Fair night for to-day."

"Why for you are in a hurry?"

"Woman fach, for what you do not know that I abide in Wandsworth and the clock is late?"

Mrs. Jenkins laughed. "Boy pretty sly you are. Come you to Richmond to buy one egg?"

Evan coughed and spat upon the ground, and while he cleaned away his spittle with a foot he said: "Courting business have I on the Thursdays. The wench is in a shop draper."

"How shall I mouth where she is? With Wright?"

"In shop Breach she is." He spoke this in English: "So long."

In that language also did Mrs. Jenkins answer him: "Now we shan't be long."

Narrowing his eyes and crooking his knees, Evan stood before Mary. "Like to find out more would I," he

said. "Guess did the old female that I had seen the adfertissment."

"Blockhead you are to bare your mind," Mary admonished him.

"Why for you call me blockhead when there's no blockhead to be?"

"Sorry am I, dear heart. But do you hasten to marry me. You know that things are so and so. The month has shown nothing."

"Shut your head, or I'll change my think altogether."

The next week Evan called at the dairy shop again.

"How was the people?" he cried on the threshold.

Mrs. Jenkins opened the window which was at the back of her, and called out: "The boy from Wales is here, Dai."

Stooping as he moved through the way of the door, Dai greeted Evan civilly: "How was you this day?"

"Quite grand," Evan answered.

"What capel do you go?"

"Walham Green, dear man."

"Good preach there was by the Respected Eynon Daviss the last Sabbath morning, shall I ask? Eloquent is Eynon."

"In the night do I go."

"Solemn serious, go you ought in the mornings."

"Proper is your saying," Evan agreed. "Perform I would if I could."

"Biggish is your round, perhaps?" said Dai.

"Iss—iss. No—no." Evan was confused.

"Don't be afraid of your work. Crafty is your manner."

Evan had not anything to say.

"Fortune there is in milk," said Dai. "Study you the size of her. Little she is. Heavy will be my loss. The rent is only fifteen bob a week. And thirty gallons and more do I do. Broke is my health," and Dai laid the palms of his hands on his belly and groaned.

"Here he is to visit his wench," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"You're not married now just?" asked Dai.

"Better in his pockets trousers is a male for a woman," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Comforting in your pockets trousers is a woman," Dai cried.

"Clap your throat," said Mrs. Jenkins. "Redness you bring to my skin."

Evan retired and considered.

"Tempting is the business," he told Mary. "Fancy do I to know more of her. Come must I still once yet."

"Be not slothful," Mary pleaded. "Already I feel pains, and quickly the months pass."

Then Evan charged her to watch over the shop and to take a count of the people who went into it. So Mary walked in the street. Mrs. Jenkins saw her and imagined her purpose, and after she had proved her, she and Dai formed a plot whereby many little children and young youths and girls came into the shop. Mary numbered every one, but the number that she gave Evan was three times higher than the proper number. The man was pleased, and he spoke out to Dai. "Tell me the price of the shop," he said.

"Improved has the health," replied Dai. "And not selling I don't think am I."

"Pity that is. Great offer I have."

"Smother your cry. Taken a shop too have I in Petersham. Rachel will look after this."

Mrs. Jenkins spoke to her husband with a low voice: "Witless you are. Let him speak figures."

"As you want if you like then," said Dai.

"A puzzle you demand this one minute," Evan murmured. "Thirty pounds would——"

"Light is your head," Dai cried. "More than thirty gallons and a pram. Eighty I want for the shop and stock."

"I stop," Evan pronounced. "Thirty-five can I give. No more and no less."

"Cute bargainer you are. Generous am I to give back five pounds for luck cash on spot. Much besides is my counter trade."

"Bring me papers for my eyes to see," said Evan.

Mrs. Jenkins rebuked Evan: "Hoity-toity! Not Welsh you are. Old English boy."

"Tut-tut, Rachel fach," said Dai. "Right you are, and right and wrong is Evan Roberts. Books I should have. Trust I give and trust I take. I have no guile."

"How answer you to thirty-seven?" asked Evan. "No more we've got, drop dead and blind."

He went away and related all to Mary.

"Lose the shop you will," Mary warned him. "And that's remorseful you'll be."

"Like this and that is the feeling," said Evan.

"Go to him," Mary counselled, "and say you will pay forty-five."

"No-no, foolish that is."

They communed with each other, and Mary gave to Evan all her money, which was almost twenty pounds; and Evan said to Dai: "I am not doubtful——"

"Speak what is in you," Dai urged quickly.

"Test your shop will I for eight weeks as manager. I give you twenty down and twenty-five at the finish of the weeks if I buy her."

Dai and Rachel weighed that which Evan had proposed. The woman said: "A lawyer will do this"; the man said: "Splendid is the bargain and costly and thievish are old lawyers."

In this sort Dai answered Evan: "Do as you say. But I shall not give money for your work. Act you honestly by me. Did not mam carry me next my brother, who is a big preacher? Lend you will I a bed and a dish or two and a plate and a knife to eat food."

At this Mary's joy was abounding. "Put you up the banns," she said.

"Lots of days there is. Wait until I've bought the place."

Mary tightened her inner garments and loosened her outer garments, and every night she came to the shop to prepare food for Evan, to make his bed, and to minister to him as a woman.

Now the daily custom at the shop was twelve gallons of milk, and the tea packets and flour bags which were on shelves were empty. Evan's anger was awful. He upbraided Mary, and he prayed to be shown how to worst Dai. His prayer was respected: at the end of the second week he gave Dai two pounds more than he had given him the week before.

"Brisk is trade," said Dai.

"I took into stock flour, tea, and four tins of job biscuits," replied Evan. "Am I not your servant?"

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

It was so that Evan bought more than he would sell, and each week he held a little money by fraud; and matches also and bundles of firewood and soap did he buy in Dai's name.

In the middle of the eighth week Dai came down to the shop.

"How goes it?" he asked in English.

"Fine, man. Fine." Changing his language, Evan said: "Keep her will I, and give you the money as I pledged. Take you the sum and sign you the paper bach."

Having acted accordingly, Dai cast his gaze on the shelves and on the floor, and he walked about judging aloud the value of what he saw: "Tea, three-pound-ten; biscuits, four-six; flour, four-five; firewood, five shillings; matches, one-ten; soap, one pound. Bring you these to Petersham. Put you them with the bed and the dishes I kindly lent you."

"For sure me, fulfil my pledge will I," Evan said.

He assembled Dai's belongings and placed them in a cart which he had borrowed; and on the back of the cart he hung a Chinese lantern which had in it a lighted candle. When he arrived at Dai's house, he cried: "Here is your ownings. Unload you them."

Dai examined the inside of the cart. "Mistake there is, Evan. Where's the stock?"

"Did I not pay you for your stock and shop? Forgetful you are."

Dai's wrath was such that neither could he blaspheme God nor invoke His help. Removing the slabber which was gathered in his beard and at his mouth, he shouted: "Put police on you will I."

"Away must I now," said Evan. "Come, take your bed."

"Not touch anything will I. Rachel, witness his roguery. Steal he does from the religious."

Evan drove off, and presently he became uneasy of the evil that might befall him were Dai and Rachel to lay their hands on him; he led his horse into the unfamiliar and hard and steep road which goes up to the Star and Garter and which therefrom drops into Richmond town. At what time he was at the top he heard the sound of Dai and Rachel running to him, each screaming upon him to stop.

Rachel seized the bridle of the horse and Dai tried to climb over the back of the cart. Evan bent forward and beat the woman with his whip, and she leaped aside. But Dai did not release his clutch, and because the lantern swayed before his face he flung it into the cart.

Evan did not hear any more voices, and misdeeming that he had got the better of his enemies, he turned, and, lo, the bed was in a yellow flame. He strengthened his legs and stretched out his thin upper lip, and pulled at the reins, saying: "Wo, now." But the animal thrust up its head and on a sudden galloped downwards. As the railing which divides two roads it was hindered, and Evan was thrown upon the ground. Men came forward to lift him, and he was dead.

Emile Verhaeren

By Arthur Symons

THE tragic death of Emile Verhaeren at Rouen, on November 28th, does not surprise me; for all his poetry is tragic, and is made more than that of any other modern poet directly out of the complaining voices of the nerves. Other writers, certainly, have been indirectly indebted to the effect of nerves on temperament, but Verhaeren seems to express only so much of a temperament as finds its expression through their immediate medium. In his early books, *Les Flamandes*, *Les Moines*, he began by a solid, heavily coloured, exterior manner of painting *genre* pictures in the Flemish style. Such poems as "Les Paysans," with its fury of description, are like a Teniers in verse; not Breughel has painted a kermess with hotter colours, a more complete abandonment to the sunlight, wine, and gross passions of those Flemish feasts. This first book, *Les Flamandes*, belongs to the Naturalistic movement, but it has already (as in the similar commencements of Huysmans) so ardent a love of colour for its own sake, colour becoming lyrical, that one realises how soon this absorption in the daily life of farms, kitchens, stables, will give place to another kind of interest. And in *Les Moines*, while there is still for the most part the painting of exteriorities, a new sentiment, by no means the religious sentiment, but an artistic interest in what is less material, less assertive in things, finds for itself an entirely new scheme of colour. Here, for instance, was "Cuisson de Pain," in the first book:

> "Dehors, les grands fournils chauffaient leurs braises rouges,
> Et deux par deux, du bout d'une planche, les gouges
> Dans le ventre des fours engouffraient les pains mous.
>
> Et les flammes, par les gueules s'ouvrant passage,
> Comme une meute énorme et chaude de chiens roux,
> Sautaient en rugissant leur mordre le visage."

But it is not until *Les Soirs* that we find what was to be the really individual style developing itself. It develops itself at first with a certain heaviness. Here is a poet who writes in images: good, but the images are larger than the ideas. Wishing to say that the hour was struck, he says:

"Seul un beffroi
Immensément vêtu de nuit, cassait les heures."

And, indeed, everything must be done "immensément." The word is repeated on every page, sometimes twice in a stanza. The effect of monotony in rhythm, the significant, chiming recurrence of words, the recoil of a line upon itself, the dwindling away or the heaping up of sound in line after line, the shock of an unexpected cæsura, the delay and the hastened speed of syllables: all these arts of a very conscious technique are elaborated with somewhat too obvious an intention. There is splendour, opulence, and, for the first time, "such stuff as dreams are made of." Description is no longer made for its own sake; it becomes metaphor. And this metaphor is entirely new. It may be called exaggerated, affected even; but it is new, and it is expressive.

In *Les Débâcles*, a year later, this art of writing in coloured and audible metaphor, and on increasingly abstract and psychological subjects, the sensations externalised, has become more master of itself, and at the same time more immediately the servant of a more and more feverish, nervous organisation. And the contemplation of this "fiévreux" is turned more and more in upon itself, finding in its vision of the outer world only a mirrored image of its own disasters. The sick man, looking down on his thin fingers, can think of them only in this morbid, this monastic way:

"Mes doigts, touchez mon front et cherchez, là
Les vers qui rongeront, un jour, de leur morsure,
Mes chairs; touchez mon front, mes maigres doigts, voilà
Que mes veines déjà, comme une meurtrissure
Bleuâtre, étrangement, en font la tour, mes las
Et pauvres doigts—et que vos longs ongles malades
Battent, sinistrement, sur mes tempes, un glas,
Un pauvre glas, mes lents et mornes doigts!"

Two years later, with *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, what was nervous has become almost a sort of very conscious

madness: the hand on one's own pulse, the eyes watching themselves in the glass with an unswerving fixity, but a breaking and twisting of the links of things, a doubling and division of the mind's sight, which might be met with, less picturesquely, in actual madness. There are two poems, "Le Roc" and "Les Livres," which give, in a really terrifying way, the very movement of idea falling apart from idea, sensation dragging after it sensation down the crumbling staircase of the brain, which are the symptoms of the brain's loss of self-control:

"C'est là que j'ai bâti mon âme,
—Dites, serai-je seul avec mon âme?—
Mon âme, hélas! maison d'ébène,
Où s'est fendu, sans bruit, un soir,
Le grand miroir de mon espoir.

Dites, serai-je seul avec mon âme,
En ce nocturne et angoissant domaine?
Serai-je seul avec mon orgueil noir,
Assis en un fauteuil de haine?
Serai-je seul, avec ma pâle hyperdulie,
Pour Notre-Dame, la Folie?"

In these poems of self-analysis, which is self-torture, there is something lacerating, and at the same time bewildering, which conveys to one the sense of all that is most solitary, picturesque, and poignant in the transformation of an intensely active and keen-sighted reason into a thing of conflicting visionary moods. At times, as in the remarkable study of London called "Les Villes," this fever of the brain looks around it, and becomes a flame of angry and tumultuous epithet, licking up and devouring what is most solid in exterior space. Again, as in "Les Lois" and "Les Nombres," it becomes metaphysical, abstract, and law towers up into a visible palace, number flowers into a forest:

"Je suis l'halluciné de la forêt des Nombres."

That art of presenting a thought like a picture, of which Verhaeren is so accomplished a master, has become more subtle than ever; and

"ces tours de ronde de l'infini, le soir,
Et ces courbes, et ces spirales,"

of for the most part menacing speculations in the void, take visible form before us, with a kind of hallucination,

communicated to us from that (how far deliberate?) hallucination which has created them. Gradually, in "Les Apparus dans mes Chemins," in "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," in "Les Villages Illusoires," in "Les Villes Tentaculaires," the hallucinations become entirely external; it is now the country, the village, the town—that is to say. the whole organised world—that agonises among cloudy phantoms, and no longer a mere individual, abnormal brain. And so he has at once gained a certain relief from what had been felt to be too intimately a part of himself, and has also surrendered to a more profound, because a more extended, consciousness of human misery. Effacing himself, as he does, behind the great spectacle of the world, as he sees it, with his visionary eyes, in his own violent and lethargic country, he becomes a more hopeless part of that conspiracy of the earth against what man has built out of the earth, of what man has built out of the earth against the earth, which he sees developing silently among the grass and bricks. All these books are a sort of philosophy in symbols, symbols becoming more and more definite.

Contrast these poems with those early poems, so brutal, so Flemish, if you would see at a glance all the difference between the Naturalistic and the Symbolistic treatment. The subject-matter is the same; the same eye sees; there are the same

> "vers bâtis comme une estrade
> Pour la danse des mots et leurs belles parades."

But at first there is merely an eye that sees, and that takes the visible world at its own valuation of itself. Later on things are seen but to be re-adjusted, to be set into relation with other, invisible realities, of which they are no more than the wavering and tortured reflection. And with this poet, in his later manner, everything becomes symbol: the shop, the theatre, the bank, no less than the old rope-maker weaving the horizons together.

Verhaeren's play, *Le Cloître*, does not convince one that he is a dramatist in the strict sense of the word. The only French poet of the present day who has a really vivid energy, his energy is too feverish, too spasmodic, too little under the control of a shaping intellect, to be of precisely the quality required for the drama. The people of these

brief and fiery scenes are like little broken bits of the savage forces of the world, working out their passionate issues under the quiet roofs of the cloister. All their words are cries, coming out of a half-delirious suffering; and these cries echo about the stage in an almost monotonous conflict. It seems to me that the form which suits Verhaeren best is the form which he has temporarily abandoned: a kind of fiery reverie, seen finely in his last book, *Les Visages de la Vie*:

> "Mon âme était anxieuse d'être elle-même;
> Elle s'illimitait et une âme suprême
> Et violente, où l'univers se résumait;

as he says in one of the poems of that book; and in all these poems, "La Foule," "L'Ivresse," "La Joie," and the rest, we see the poet sending his soul into the universe, and becoming a vehement voice for all that he finds most passionate in it. It is, in its way, a dramatising of emotion, but, if one may say so, an abstract dramatising. It is the crowd, not Don Balthazar; joy itself, not some joyous human being for which he finds words; and his merits and his defects make him a better spokesman for disembodied than for embodied souls. Since the early period of Flemish realism he has been, while making his language more and more pictorial, making his interests more and more internal. He no longer paints landscapes, but the scenery of the soul, and in the same vast and coloured images. He magnifies sensation until it becomes a sort of hallucination, of which he seems always to be the victim.

And, after all, is not this one of the most interesting, and not even one of the least successful, attempts at what a more extravagant initiator has lately called *la tragédie intérieure*? The actual tendency of art is certainly towards an abandonment of the heroic and amusing adventures which constituted so much of the art of the past, and a concentration upon whatever can be surmised of that soul which these adventures must doubtless have left so singularly indifferent. Ibsen has shown us destiny quietly at work in suburban drawing-rooms among people who have rarely anything interesting to say, but whose least word becomes interesting because it is seen to knit one more mesh in the net of destiny. Maeterlinck has gone

further, and shown us soul talking with soul, at first under almost pseudo-romantic disguises among Leonardo landscapes; and then, more and more simply, as people who have no longer lost their crowns in a pool, but who, in Aglavine and Selysette, might be any of our acquaintances, if we can imagine our acquaintances under a startling and revealing flash of light. Verhaeren falls into the movement, trying to give a more lyrical form to this new kind of drama, trying to give it a narrower and fiercer intensity. What he has so far achieved is a melodrama of the spirit, in which there is poetry, but also rhetoric. Will he finally be able to find for himself a form in which the "inner tragedy" can be externally presented without rhetoric? Then, perhaps, the poetry will make its own drama.

The Lame Dancer*

From the Yiddish of Abraham Reisen.

Liza was over twenty years old, but her small stature and smooth little face gave her the appearance of a girl of seventeen. Her black eyes, full of longing, were in expression naïve and curious. And when she spoke she made grimaces like a child that is surprised at everything, and believes everything. She had a habit of emphasising her statements by the words, "Yes! Certainly so! True!" And this served to heighten the illusion that she was still a child.

This does not mean that she was really a child. On the contrary, in the years since she had left her childhood she experienced many profound emotions. She was taken away, several times, by black-eyed, long-haired young men. She had been with a tramp. And even of him she used purely childish expressions.

"Yes, he is a very fine man. He will take me out West, on foot. He told me that there no one need work at all. I will go with him some day. It's better than being in the workshop. Yes! Certainly so! True!"

Her companions, of her own age, and often younger, used to warn her.

"Oh, Lizatchke, don't talk nonsense. A tramp is a tramp. Do not meet him any more. He will only mislead you."

At this she opened her eyes wide in fear, and repeated:

"Mislead me? How can he mislead me? He is so lovely! Yes! Certainly so! True! He is lovely!"

She used the word "lovely" not only in reference to appearance, but also to action and feeling.

The desire to go out West with the tramp did not last long. The tramp, whom she met accidentally, but frequently, in Union Square, went off somewhere. And she found a second young man, the exact opposite of the tramp. He was a handsome young student of Columbia College. She met him on Saturdays and Sundays, and spent the whole day with him, until midnight. He took her down Broadway to the better-class music-halls. She was always charmed

* Translated by Hannah Berman.

with the dancers. Each time one came out she whispered to the student:

"You know, I could have been a danseuse too."

The student looked at her with a smile, and warned her mildly. "It is an ugly profession."

Liza grew angry in a childish way, and replied:

"An ugly profession? It's a lie! I know it's a lie. The lame danseuse told me."

"What danseuse?" the student asked in surprise.

"The lame one—the lame one." The student laughed.

"A lame danseuse? How is it possible, you little fool?"

"Listen! It is certainly so. Once she was not lame. I got to know her when she was already lame. She told me everything. She told me that I have lovely feet, and I am small, and that is good. A big woman cannot be a danseuse. She also is small. But she once danced so rapidly that she twisted her foot. And since then she is lame."

"And she doesn't dance any more," laughed the student good-naturedly, looking into Liza's eyes.

"Of course she doesn't dance any more. But she danced for three years. She said it was so nice to be a danseuse. The first week one gets eighteen dollars, and afterwards one gets twice as much. One dances only half-an-hour. Afterwards, one is free."

"And what else did she tell you?" asked the student with a smile.

"Oh!" And Liza blushed. "The lame danseuse told me lots of things. Certainly so! She knows. She says I am like born for it. She says I have lovely feet, and that I would have lots of admirers."

She said no more, because just then a new danseuse came on the stage, clanging two bells in her hands, which were coquettishly spread out. She whirled round in the short frock that barely reached to her knees, and threw herself into a picturesque pose inside of a golden wheel.

"That's the sort of dance the lame woman danced!" cried Liza, enthralled. "For such dancing one gets a lot of money. Along with that——"

She ceased speaking abruptly. The student was curious.

"What else along with that?" And he smiled.

"I will not tell you," answered Liza, lowering her eyes.

"Are you ashamed?"

"No. It is not ugly at all. But I don't want to tell you. You would not understand. But it is not ugly. Certainly not!" she added decidedly. "Is it a sin to enjoy oneself with nice people?"

"Aha!" cried the young student. "Aha!"

"You know now?" asked Liza.

"Certainly!"

"Yes! If you had heard the lame danseuse talking about it, you would say it is nice."

"It may be," admitted the student.

"Certainly it is nice!" And Liza grew bolder. "She says that the dancers live in a different world altogether, and forget about our world. She says that our world is ugly and lonely. . . . A world of workshops and stores. Certainly so! She is surely right! I will become a danseuse, too," she threatened. "You will see."

"Well, well," agreed the student. Then he asked, "Where is she now?"

"Who?"

"This lame danseuse of yours."

"I don't know. She disappeared as if she fell into the water. I am looking for her everywhere."

"What do you want her for?"

"Yes! I want her. She tells such lovely things. I love to hear her."

"Maybe she is dancing again?"

"He! he! he!" laughed Liza, childishly. "How can she dance when she is lame?"

"But you could have danced," laughed the student.

"Oh, certainly," cried Liza, her spirits rising. "I am small, and I have lovely feet. She was sure of this. Surely she knows? She danced for three years. Three years is a long time. True! A very long time!"

The student was wrapt in thought. He murmured softly:

"Yes, a long time—a long time. But, afterwards, one gets lame."

"But, for all that, she danced," repeated Liza, with childish stubbornness.

The student was silent.

The Practical Irish

By Marie Harrison

If you would find adventure, go to Ireland. It is a land of open sweetness, but of hidden treasure and of great discovery. Beneath the surface smiles or sorrows are unsuspected lights of character; little ways of thought and action which make you exclaim in bewilderment, "Is this really Irish?" The edge of your enjoyment is perpetually sharpened with the shock of the unfamiliar; and most surprising of all discoveries is to find that the Irish are not sentimental dreamers, but sincerely and insistently practical, blessed with a directness of outlook that the Englishman has come to associate exclusively with the American.

Ireland has suffered as much from hasty estimates of her mental fibre as from official bungling or the bitter injustice of dead years. In every club or drawing-room you get extraordinarily diverse opinions of the Irish, but there is always one common point of criticism. Your Tory Englishman dislikes the Irish because they are "unpatriotic"; your students of letters believes that every Irishman talks like a character from Synge; your traveller appreciates the generous measure of Irish hospitality; your man of affairs gives praise to the gay Celtic wit. You hear that the Irish are charming or clever or disloyal or unstable or "temperamental." But practical? Of course not! Your critics make chorus in unison, raising loud voices in agreement that the Irish are idealists, essentially, above all; that here is no place for argument.

Idealists? I agree. It is just because they are idealists that the Irish are so intensely practical. Almost always it is the man of vision who is the great realist; he sees possibilities of action undreamed of by the unimpressionable. From the proud loneliness of some aloof height of imagination his eye travels beyond the opportunities of the imme-

diate day to the distant chances of the morrow. The Irishman dreams, but he also achieves. He responds to the appeal of the poetic, but it is the strong poetry of construction rather than the song of the unfulfilled that gives him inspiration. Because he is a greater idealist than the Englishman, he sees more fully; because more is seen, more also is done.

These are things which have come to me with an increasing clearness in moving about Ireland. Where I have expected to find men conquered by difficulties, I have discovered difficulties conquered by men. This is strikingly apparent in farming, and nothing needs greater concentration or perseverance. A nation of dreamers might shepherd sheep, singing the while in happy innocence, or persuade a productive soil to give food sufficient for the modest needs of their own people. But no nation of dreamers could have made their farming methods so scientific as to serve as a model for agricultural development in another country; no romantic visionaries could have built up one of the great export trades of the world. The Irish have done these things. Their co-operative creameries have been accepted in Denmark as the standard of excellence to be aimed at and accomplished; their exports of farm produce to England are equalled only by those of America; indeed, it is probable that in these days of war we actually get more food from unpractical Ireland than from any other country.

The present prosperity in farming is not, however, the result of war-time conditions, so much as the gradual evolution of the years. There is the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, the one body in Ireland which is so infinitely wise in its working that it brings all classes and creeds together in proud, ambitious enterprise; there is the enlightened Department of Agriculture, with ample means at its disposal. Both these bodies have helped powerfully in the making of the new rural Ireland now rich and contented. Excepting the linen mills in Belfast and the breweries in Dublin, Ireland has practically no industrial life. She has put all her energy and enthusiasm and hard common sense into her agricultural life, and the result is surely very excellent.

But all Ireland is not like the golden valley of the

South. Much of it is unpromising rockland, making tillage a task of increasing toil. Is there a more savagely beautiful lovely stretch of country than Western Donegal? You would not hope to find it peopled; it is desolate, treeless, but for the coming of the autumn heather, which softens the damp bogfields in violet warmth, it is very comfortless and cold. Sea-winds whistle round about the hills and beat against the white homesteads, and the beasts of the fields do not know where to turn for shelter. Yet it is not to-day an unhappy land, for rocks have been blasted out of the earth, potatoes put into the soil, and enough produce forced from the ground to give sustenance to the people for at least eight months of the year. Such a miracle you would not find in England. The Donegal peasant, untaught, often speaking no English, devout in his religion, saw in dreams the unpoetic vision of pigs and poultry and a tilled little garden, and those many years ago he resolved no further to seek adventure across the seas, but to make his beloved land yield nourishment in due season and in sufficiency.

So it has come about that in Western Donegal to-day you find a people not compelled to emigrate or unwillingly to allow their daughters to work in the Scotch potato-fields. Co-operative methods, begun by a Donegal peasant himself, have changed the face of the countryside. These very small farmers are able to sell their pigs or poultry or eggs on the best possible terms, while in Dungloe, in an amazing well-managed co-operative knitting factory, the girls of the scattered villages adjoining find happy, well-paid work. Whatever England may do for Ireland in the future, she can never do more than Ireland has already done for herself in Donegal.

Beyond the limited possibilities of their own country, the Irish have done superlatively well. Irish genius for organisation and initiative has had the fullest possible play in the great romance of American commerce. I have heard Americans laughingly say, "We're governed by the Irish in New York." In almost any big movement in politics or social reform or administrative work you find Irishmen as leaders, clear-visioned, enthusiastic, but immensely practical. You cannot say this of the Latin races that go to the making of America. The Italian, with all

his warmth of temperament and susceptible emotions, is not an idealist in the sense that the Irishman is. The Italian feels rather than sees; he is more receptive than creative. The history of the Irish in America abundantly proves that Irish sentiment is clean and strong, like a great north wind, sweeping away the sultry airs of hothouse emotionalism, brave in vision, as equally brave in construction.

In a lesser degree the practical wisdom of the Irish has been and is still quietly working in our Dominions, building up nationhood as it could not be built up in their own country, suffering as it does most continually under the imposition of ideas manufactured in England.

And how would you find traces of unreal sentiment in a nation that produces the finest soldiers in the world? Swift to obey, with a delicate sense of precision in discipline, ready to follow a leader to the very gates of Hell, always merry and cheerful, the Irish soldier is indeed a prince of fighting men. He has the initiative and reckless fearlessness of the Colonial troops who have won honour immortal on our battlefields, but he possesses what is possibly even more valuable, and that is the unquestioning sense of obedience. In modern warfare it is harder, but it may be better soldiery to stand still than to dash forward; the Irish soldier can do both. No sudden glow of romantic enthusiasm makes him lose his head; he is not swept away by an impulsive but mistaken heroism, as were the Anzacs on an historic occasion in Gallipoli. Because he is practical he is a good workman, and a good workman, be he soldier or artisan, knows his job—and the job comes first. If it be true that the play is more than the player of the game, it is equally true that military strategy is more than the private soldier—and the Irishman knows it. He knows that wars are won by men of action rather than by men of dreams; yet, when the moment comes, he is with the first in the glory of a great advance.

These revolutions in Ireland which have made Englishmen feel so uncomfortable from time to time have been proofs of the practical spirit. To the intensely English Englishman the idea of an Irish Republic, whose independence should be guaranteed by America, seems wildly unreal and absurd. I do not think that such a thing will

ever come to pass; devoutly I hope not. But I do know that the very details of this improbable sounding scheme have been worked out by the Sinn Fein politicians of the extreme type in an utterly businesslike way.

And I remember how in Ireland I was told by a Sinn Feiner that the Revolution of Easter, 1916, was planned chiefly as a great advertisement. These ardent reformers felt that Ireland was getting a little too comfortable; there was too much of the Sunday after-dinner feeling in the land. Sinn Fein thought was not progressing as swiftly as they wished. The most practical awakening of national consciousness could come only through some great and stirring event—hence those mad, bad days of Easter, 1916.

Who will say that in this dreadful, pitiful Revolution the Irish failed to show themselves as stern and savage realists?

Even in speech there is something utterly unsentimental about the Irish. If they think your eyes are like jewels in the crown of the Blessed Virgin they will tell you so, but in unashamed candour they would as readily comment on the coming of your grey hairs or the pallor of your complexion. If the Irish have won a reputation as insincere flatterers, it is simply because they have the happy anxiety to please, which is, after all, the characteristic of a child. Yet, living in their land for more than a few days, you find that, also in childlike fashion, the Irish are not conscious of impoliteness in criticising little points you would be glad to have forgotten.

And if you wonder why, in these days when English politicians are holding out eagerly the hand of friendship across the narrow sea, the Irish do not immediately respond, it is because they are not sentimentalists. They have ever before them the flaming memory of the wrongs of the past years; they ask some practical proof of England's good will. They want something more than the opportunism of the politician. Soothing syrup will not assuage the hungry pangs of men asking for the real righting of real wrongs. And the Irish problem will not be solved until here in England we come to know the Irish, not as sentimentalists, but as realists, strong and uncompromising.

Education

By Sir H. H. Johnston

It must be clear to any unprejudiced observer that it is only through the lack of a widespread, modern, useful, enlightening education that, with such tremendous advantages on our side, we, in conjunction with our Allies, have so far failed to win the war. This lack of an education suited to the needs of the twentieth century and the citizens, the ruling citizens, of a vast empire has been apparent—painfully apparent—not only in our governing class, in our seniorities of all the great services, but likewise in the masses of the people and in those who speak for Labour. In fact, we have been, most of us, so wrongly educated, after the plan of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth centuries, that we do not realise we are *un*educated in the things that matter—*geography*, ethnology, modern (and true) history, modern languages, Egyptology, botany, zoology, chemistry, electricity, and a great variety of departments in natural science, mechanics, sociology: notably in all things which would enable us to understand, to govern wisely, to develop profitably, our own country and the vast Empire dependent on it.

This lack of an applicable and useful education was actually not so marked among our great statesmen, our public officials, our generals and admirals, our publicists of the nineteenth century as among the men that mattered, the men of high station and influence in the opening quarter of the twentieth century. To go back a hundred years and more: Nelson, for example. It is quite possible that, disallowing technicalities connected with steam and electricity, Nelson was a better educated naval officer than not a few of those in command of our big and small ships during this war; and similarly Wellington, *mutatis mutandis*, stood high in most of the sciences and branches of knowledge associated with successful generalship in warfare, in the

warfare of his time. It is noteworthy that both these great men paid special attention to the acquisition of French. Nelson, during one of his periods of half-pay, went to France to master that language, and stayed there long enough to accomplish his purpose and to wish to marry a Frenchwoman. Wellington derived the best of his education from a French military academy at Angers and from French masters at Brussels. He referred with dislike and contempt to his wasted time at Eton. Nelson owed nothing to any public school, yet was in many directions an accomplished man. The late Lord Salisbury and the present Lord Lansdowne brought to their conduct of foreign affairs a wide, and in some subjects almost an exclusive, knowledge, certainly not gained by a public school education. They had seen with observant eyes many foreign countries and much of the British Empire. Both could converse with perfect ease in French; in fact, a succession of French diplomatists have observed that Lord Lansdowne's French was that of a Frenchman. Lord Salisbury took a special interest in botany, to say nothing of chemistry. He was well acquainted in a general way with the flora of Africa, for example, and could talk about the *Cycadaceæ* of Natal or the palms of West Africa. It was he who restarted the publication of *The Flora of Tropical Africa*, which has been of such service to our African commerce and industries. There was little to tell him about the Bantu languages or the ethnology of Central Asia, or any geographical question or detail of modern history. What a fall was there when one had to converse on Imperial or even home questions with the statesmen who succeeded to power in 1907! [I choose that date because, as French scholar and as one with a most intelligent interest in science—interest unaffected and without a sneer—one must class Campbell-Bannerman among the older school of Intelligents, before the Eton-Balliol—or imitation Eton-Balliol—blight fell on the governing classes.]

Comparisons are proverbially odious, but without drawing conclusions between then and now, let me point out that all through the last half of the nineteenth century and down to the retirement or death in King Edward's reign of certain great permanent officials, the much—and often quite unjustly—abused Foreign Office was a verit-

able seat of learning. Look at the writings of such men as Edward Norris, who in some senses almost founded the modern school of African philology, and Sir Edward Hertslet, one of the most industrious and shrewd of modern historians.

It is difficult to explain and account for the reign of wilful ignorance that set in in 1907. Between 1897 and 1907 a number of public officials in the Departments of State imbued with the best traditions—and the best were very good—of the second half of the nineteenth century, died, or retired at the age-limit. Whether they had or had not received the stereotyped education of the public school and the fashionable college of Oxford or Cambridge, they were otherwise modernly educated in the knowledge, the science that matters. Most of them had acquired, at any rate, a proportion of their education abroad. Some had qualified for public appointments by extensive foreign travel. All were able to speak good French, and generally a second or third foreign language. They had been coeval with officers in the Army and Navy who had not risen to power as courtiers or as extremely rich "society" favourites, but had learnt their business in the Crimea, in Indian wars, and in African campaigns (earlier and more creditable than the South African bungle); or in the war by sea and land against the African slave trade, which so greatly stimulated the inventiveness and resourcefulness of naval officers.

They were succeeded, civilians and warriors, by a differently educated type, choked with the classics, taught to sneer at all good modern literature and art (unless it was ultra-modern and decadent), not stimulated to acquire thoroughly modern languages, allowed to feel a contempt for geography, modern history, ethnology, biology—anything practical and useful. The naval men were taught to worship white paint and spotless deck planks, as though such symbols stood for efficiency in war; the Army officers were educated to admire expensive and rotten amusements; and a course of, or a threat of, ragging—never sternly repressed by the authorities—brought home to them that the ideals of a subaltern who wanted to get on should be knowledge of bridge, dancing, racing, and women—the women who sell their compliance *sans trop de façon*, and the more elderly women who repay the attentions of the

young by exercising their political and social influence in their favour. At the preparatory schools for middies three mornings a week (on an average) were wasted over Latin verses; and in the direct training for the Navy foreign languages were neglected—how many of our naval officers in high command to-day can speak French, German, Italian, or Spanish?—and any suggestion that they should be taught elementary ethnology, modern history, the history of the British Empire, anything much of meteorology, or the chemistry of sea-water, or the mechanics of the engineer would have been scouted by any true-to-type naval instructor or naval chaplain-schoolmaster. Barren indeed was most of the learning to be acquired at Sandhurst or Woolwich in the latter nineteenth century, when some of our twentieth-century generals were being trained. The only educated part of our staff of military officers was that which had qualified for the Indian Staff Corps and had learnt the art of war very practically in India. And well do I remember in my African days, as Commander-in-Chief in some newly-formed Protectorate, how the officers of the Home Army, who had come out to Africa for a spree or because they were in debt, looked down upon the Indian Staff Corps man—of the type of the late Captain Cecil Maguire—who knew almost everything that was modern and worth knowing, who had passed in Russian or Italian as well as French, who was a scholar in Asiatic tongues, and who, in consequence, was a treasure in finishing African wars, either by clever strategy and smart fighting or more often by conciliatory ways and adroit diplomacy. But the "Home" officer had come from the titled or the wealthy classes; the Indian Staff Corps man emerged from the hard-worked professional middle class; and, although "sporting" to the last degree so far as bravery and risk-taking and inherent gentlemanliness were concerned, had not ridden much or at all to hounds in England, had not wasted four years of his boyhood at Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Marlborough, had not skirted or passed through the Divorce Court, and had no "pull" in fashionable or Ministerial circles.

The result of our bad or inapplicable education in the training of naval and military officers thirty, twenty, ten years ago (as well as the plan of selection for the highest

commands followed by Mr. Asquith's Ministries) might be seen in such amazing *laches* as the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* from our mighty, fully-equipped Mediterranean Fleet embattled to prevent it; as well as the failure of that Fleet instantly to follow the elusive vessels to and through their only line of escape, the Dardanelles—a most un-Nelsonian failure which cost us the defection of Turkey and Bulgaria and the revival of a nearly defeated Germany and Austria, and three, four—who can say how many?—more years of terribly expensive warfare: a failure, however, which left the Asquithian Cabinet quite calm, because it had not sufficient geography among its members to appreciate the magnitude of this naval disappointment. . . . And a year ago occurred another incident illustrative of meagre education among naval officers. The commander of a British warship stopped a German raiding vessel (the *Seeadler*), which had been camouflaged to represent a Norwegian timber ship. The disguise of the vessel might have deceived an otherwise astute seaman; but it was further remarked in the Press that the naval officer in question was misled into thinking that the German officers and crew were also Norwegian: which, of course—if true—would have meant that they spoke Norwegian-Danish. But the naval officer, presumably having had no education in ethnology or in modern languages, was easily hoodwinked; passed these obvious High Dutch officers and Low Dutch bluejackets as Scandinavians; released the pirate; and there soon followed the destruction of British property at sea to the tune of three million pounds. Yet there is not a naval instructor, or schoolmaster, or admiral who would not scream like a rogue elephant if you proposed to give classes of Dano-Norwegian and Swedish to budding naval officers . . . instead of Latin verses . . . or Euclid's obvious but not very apposite propositions.

A different type of education given to our statesmen of fifty and sixty might have obviated our entering on this war quite unprepared at first to meet the German land forces. We might have deflected the world-war firstly by so educating the masses that they thoroughly understood the value and the dangers of the British Empire, and agreed with the classes to establish some manhood and womanhood obligation to serve it and defend it. Had we been

prepared with a conscript army and modern military training, had we gained the confidence and loyalty of the masses by admitting them into the arcana of a reasonable foreign policy, there would have been no war; Germany would have contented herself with her slice of colonisable territory and her spheres of influence. Or again, when there was no longer time in which to educate the Empire on this score of self-defence, we might, at any rate, have restricted the area of the struggle and have kept France, Belgium, Italy, Portugal, and Rumania out of it by detaching such allies or friends from the inevitable clash between Teutonic and Slavic ambitions; between a Russia not content with 9,000,000 square miles of empire, but attempting to stretch out towards the Adriatic, through Serbia and Montenegro, and a Teutonia eager to advance to Salonika and Constantinople. Instead of which we were bamboozled into backing Russia; and we now know that Tsarist, like Bolshevik, Russia had not the slightest real regard for the safety or interests of France or of the British Empire.

The whole drift of our national and class education led to the vast majority of the nation taking no interest in foreign or Imperial affairs. Our people were content to repose blind confidence in the Government; it was quite incompetent to question, protest, suggest, demur, concur, and know the danger and the responsibility of concurrence. This may have been all right when there was a Lord Salisbury predominant or a Lord Rosebery at the helm, a Marquess of Ripon or a Lord Knutsford at the Colonial Office. But it ceased to be safe with the advent of a Chamberlain in 1895. From this period onwards—the period of the Jameson Raid—the British Empire, the British cottager and townsman were at the mercy of subtle and secret cabals which gradually came to control and determine our foreign policy—often above the heads of the Foreign Office hierarchy.

Any change in education at the State schools, or the public and proprietary schools, or the predominant colleges of the leading universities which would modernly educate the nation and the governing classes was quietly but determinedly opposed—opposed by Secretaries of State for Foreign, Indian, or Colonial affairs; by the Treasury through its Civil Service Commissioners; by each suc-

ceeding President of the Board of Education, whether he were country squire, Quaker *fainéant*, or Labour representative; opposed by those who directed military or naval education; opposed by every headmaster of every big school or endowed school; opposed by two-thirds of the dons at Oxford and Cambridge; opposed by the Church of England and the Roman Church and the Welsh Nonconformists; opposed by the farmers (haters of science and method); opposed by the lawyers; and opposed by the editors of the great newspapers, ever mindful that since the closing years of the nineteenth century they were selected from the notable colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, which ranged themselves on the side of compulsory classics and antiquated theology.

And so we have come to our present pass. And if we are pulled out of our dilemma by the unsurpassed bravery and inventiveness of our soldiers and sailors, our airmen and engineers, our merchant seamen (how long has not mal-education held up the Board of Trade from being the seamen's safeguard?), are we to acquiesce in playing our part with one hand, the right hand, tied behind our backs in the great struggle of the nations: a struggle to maintain what they have or to seize the talents wrapped up in a napkin? How long, in order not to be unkind and rough with thirty headmasters of thirty great schools, or too peremptory with the Churches, or too uncivil to the Board of Education, are we to tolerate the grotesquely inapplicable and time-wasting curricula maintained at all the great and the Church schools, and encouraged, bolstered up at several of the leading universities, and by the procedure of the Civil Service Commissioners and public offices?

Here is a great opportunity for constructive legislation open to the Labour Party. We are quite willing to believe that when Mr. Henderson represented Education in the Asquithian and Georgian Cabinets he was prevented by his Liberal and Conservative colleagues from undertaking any reform in education. But if he comes into power at the next election, will *he* too fail us; will he too fall a victim to influences that were too strong for John Burns (who ended by being more Conservative in culture than many a Conservative), too strong for Ramsay Macdonald, and, up till now, silencing for all other Labour spokesmen? The

opportunity which may be open to him is to compel all schools, State and "Public," Church and endowed, to submit their curricula to the consideration of a large committee appointed by a reformed and restaffed Board of Education: for that committee to revise and establish on lines which shall appear to the majority most conducive to the progress and profit of the nation. Such a curriculum should determine the scope of universal Primary Education, Secondary Education at the schools, and Specialist Education at the universities, military and naval colleges. The conventional classics—*i.e.*, Greek and Roman literature—should not enter at all into the primary schools; at most a superficial acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages sufficient to understand how the former have influenced the English language, and how Latin has not only given us nearly half our modern vocabulary, but has been the parent of the most beautiful languages of Europe. In secondary and specialist education the classics would only be available for those whose chosen careers needed an acquaintance with these subjects. Mathematics in their more elaborate developments likewise would not be thrust on the scholars that would have no use or love for them in their lines of life.

But basic or primary education would include such subjects as human anatomy and hygiene, the elementary laws of health, the place of the citizen in the State, and the ethics of communal life, the history of the United Kingdom and the United States—not merely the true history of England, and especially the *modern* history, but the history of Scotland and Ireland and of the whole British Empire. The great masterpieces of English literature, especially those of the nineteenth century, should be expounded; and sufficient of the Bible taught to explain its place in English literature, and the tropes and parables of our speech. Geography, ethnology, and biology must play a large part in this basic education of all classes. Arithmetic, the English language, French, enough Greek and Latin to explain the origins of the English vocabulary, a little astronomy, simple physics and chemistry, a good handwriting, a clear articulation and harmonious pronunciation of English: these are the most important subjects for an elementary education. I do not pretend to cite them all; there may be a few

others I have omitted, or there may be proliferations of great subjects that cannot be deferred to Secondary or Specialist courses, but must come under Primaries.

The Committee which should advise, almost dictate, this curricula of subjects for the three courses of education, Primary, Secondary, and Specialist, might be appointed by the Minister of Education; but he must be constrained to make it as enlightened and modern-minded, as intelligent and experienced a Committee as possible. It should include one representative of each of the branches of the Christian religion and a delegate of the Jewish faith; delegates from the Royal Society, the Linnean, the Royal Geographical, Royal Anthropological, Zoological, Asiatic, African, and other prominent and noteworthy scientific societies, the College of Surgeons, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Imperial and Royal Colonial Institutes, the London School of Economics, several representatives of the teaching profession, one or two military and naval officers, one or two journalists, delegates from all the great Trades Unions, Societies of Engineers, Builders and Decorators, Printers, Farmers, Textile Industries, and other representatives of Trade and Industry. In short, a little Parliament of Education. No great community of interests or enterprise should be unrepresented. Music and the Stage should express their opinions as much as the Grocery, Haberdashery, Furniture Trades, Bankers, and Booksellers. The Minister of Education—not the duffer of the Cabinet ever and again—would preside over the deliberations of these selected hundred and having a casting vote. The assembly need only meet once in five years after it had fought out the preliminary battle and determined the lines on which renascent Britain was to be educated. Armed with its decisions, the Minister of Education would next proceed to far-reaching reforms in the public and private schools, and would see that the State curriculum determined as above was enforced throughout the kingdom. The State examinations would clinch the business; for the State would only examine on subjects suited to the careers for which it sought to appoint, and these subjects would have to be taught in Primary, Secondary, or Specialist (*i.e.*, University) education.

But has Mr. Arthur Henderson, has Mr. Sidney Webb,

has any other Labour leader the *courage*, the originality of mind, the inspiration necessary to force on the nation such a splendid reform as this? The Labour Party in its programme lays very little stress on education: at most a tepid approval of Mr. Fisher's Bill. This last has also been commended by ex-Ministers, engaged in calling attention to their death-bed repentances, and in these dying contortions making abrupt *voltes-face* on questions they have hitherto stamped underfoot or contemptuously thrust into the waste-paper basket . . . Woman Suffrage . . . Education . . . Housing . . . Sanitation. . . . Reassured by the knowledge that Balliol reigns at the mal-appropriated Victoria and Albert Museum, and will therefore take care that our new education is pretty close to the old, they are now strongly on the side of the new Education Bill. But the professional middle classes, the officers of the New Army, the enfranchised women, the intelligent artisans take but little interest in Mr. Fisher's measure, because, though it provides for a greater *quantity* of education (for the "lower" classes), it provides for no better education in *quality* and *subject* than at present prevails, and it leaves untouched the question of the right education for the children of parents sufficiently well off to send their children to the proprietary and public schools over which—ridiculously enough—the Board of Education has no control. *This Bill leads to no genuine reform in our educational system.* The dragon of prejudice, false tradition, superstition, and irrelevance is politely passed by, care being taken not to tread on his tail. With all Mr. Fisher's provisions carried into effect, farmers will still be backward and improvident, thousands of race-course gypsies will still grow up unable to read and write, desirous of evading military service and all laws of sanitation and decency. We shall still have generals who will not know and admirals who will not dare, Secretaries of State that know no geography, statesmen that know no French, Liverpool merchants who trade in palm oil without the slightest botanical knowledge of *Elaïs guineënsis* and its habitat and its by-products, pacifists who from lack of knowledge see no value or beauty in the British Empire, Labourites who would wreck a mighty commerce and a most beneficent rule because their school-life has left them wholly uninformed on modern Africa, fanatics in religion who do

not realise that the dogmas they fight over were invented in the Benedictine monasteries in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, "Imperialists" who still think the most profitable way of exploiting the tropics is through a revival of slavery, and workers-with-the-hand who cannot realise that they should be bound indissolubly in partnership for their own good and the common good to the workers-with-the-head.

But, oh! if the well-nigh impossible could be brought about; *if* we could really breed a far-sighted statesman, "a man with head, heart, hand like some of the simple great ones gone for ever and ever by, one still strong man in a blatant land, whatever they call him what care I? Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one, who can rule and dare not lie"—like most of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench when they answer inconvenient questions. If such a man could acquire the power and win the national confidence, he might carry out the modernisation of our education, the cure of our public schools where nothing sound, novel, modern, and true is taught, the renaissance of our two great universities with their endowments directed into channels of vitality, the toning-up of our State schools with their too infantile primers and too great humility and subservience, and the infusion of virility into our Church schools.

What a time of joy and spiritual unlifting then would be the schooldays of rich and poor, with lectures on Palæontology, more fascinating and far truer than ill-digested "Scripture history," or the setting forth of that same Scripture history through the medium of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*; with Greek treated as a member of the wonderful Aryan language-family, linking up of the West with our brown fellow-men of the East; with Latin shown as the cousin of our own Keltic tongues and as the parent of the most beautiful and expressive language in the world—Italian—perfect daughter of an ugly, gouty old father. To almost any schoolboy I would wager that the story of the breaking-up of Latin into French, Italian, Spanish, Provençal, Portuguese, Rumanian would be far more entrancing and useful in the world of to-day than the dull parsing of stupidly, clumsily constructed "classical" Latin. Think of the romance (which I once tried to compress into

six volumes) of the history of the British Empire from the fifteenth to the twentieth century A.D.: how much better worth learning than ancient Greek history, the important world-moving events of which could be compressed into three pages of clear print. And how much more interesting and vital is the history of modern Greece: Greece under Latin Emperors and Greek and Pontine Emperors; Greece fighting the Saracens; Greece under French and Aragonese princes; Greece under Byron. [Romaic should be taught widely as one of the important modern tongues of the Levant.]

Think of the soul-sickening, yet spirit-chastening, marvels of Astronomy—practically never dealt with in the school curriculum; consider the amazing story of the Insects, necessary to be learnt in self-defence, and also as the opposite pole of the infinitely little to balance the infinitely great in the lore of suns and systems. Think of the wonders of Botany, the appeal they make to our sense of the beautiful and the mysterious, to our anxiety concerning questions of food supply and textile manufactures. And the religious exaltation of Music and Acting, the enthralling interest in human anatomy and the comparison of that anatomy with the structure of other mammals and vertebrates; or the comparison of our mixed and composite white race with the whitey-brown races, brown or yellow, black and curly races of mankind, with whom the young man and woman of the modern British people is so often called to deal in administration, instruction, or commerce. Think of how interesting and profitable and sedative education might be if we could bring about such reforms, and then you will exclaim: "Why this . . . this . . . even if *The Times* and *The Herald* throw cold water on it, and the *Church Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* disapprove . . . this *is* worth a Revolution, a little blood in the streets, and the internment (to save them from the violence of the awakened populace) of thirty headmasters, twenty heads of colleges, two or three Treasury officials, and a number of stale statesmen. . . ."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Women and Their Use of the Vote

By Mrs. Henry Fawcett

When I returned triumphant on the evening of January 10th from the signal victory of the women's suffrage cause in the House of Lords, feeling that woman's (at least one woman's) place was home, within an hour interviewers began to arrive from various papers. One of them, knowing of my fifty years' association with the movement, asked me to describe briefly its "ups and downs." I said I could not do that, because it had been all "ups" and no "downs." He looked so perplexed and incredulous that it is possible other people may also regard my reply as misleading, so I will attempt to prove to readers of The English Review that it was a simple statement of fact, and put before them some of the evidence I have to prove it.

I may say at the outset that I regard the women's movement as one and indivisible, and therefore women's suffrage as simply a part of it. The suffrage movement, though foreshadowed by Condorcet and Mary Wollstonecraft in the eighteenth century, did not enter the region of practical politics until John Stuart Mill's amendment to the Reform Bill of 1867. Seventy-three members voted with him (ten were Conservatives) and one hundred and ninety-six against him. This we all considered a very good beginning. Let me glance at the social side of the women's question at that time; there was no public provision for secondary education for girls and women at all. Education in private schools, with one or two notable exceptions, was almost incredibly bad. The ancient endowments originally left for the benefit of both sexes had been in nearly all cases diverted from girls and were being used exclusively for boys. Even where this was not actually the case, the exceptions went far to prove the rule; Christ's Hospital, for example, provided a first-rate secondary education for many hundreds of boys of a character which prepared the best of them for the Universities, but only gave to about eighteen girls the very meagre kind of education which was then supposed to be suitable for domestic servants. There was no Married Women's Property Act, and a

married woman had therefore no control even over her own earnings. A married woman had no right of guardianship over her children. After her husband's death she did not become their guardian unless he by will had expressly made her so. Even after her husband's death she could not appoint a guardian for her children. Women were shut out from all local government franchises. There was not a single woman acting as a Poor Law Guardian or on any of the locally elected administrative bodies. It was in 1857 that the Divorce Act was passed, which publicly and deliberately set up a double standard of morals as between men and women. Two colleges for women had been started, through private enterprise and liberality, but there was no University education for women in any part of the United Kingdom. Now every University in Great Britain is open to women except Oxford and Cambridge, and even these admit women to their degree examinations, without, however, granting them degrees. There was also no opportunity whatever for women to obtain medical education. No opening for women's employment existed in the Civil Service or in any of the great banking and commercial establishments; and, of course, no women had ever been even mentioned as possible members of a Royal Commission. Hence the absurdity, when the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor was appointed, of the description of one of the Commissioners as "The Hon. X. Y. Z., on account of his sister's great knowledge of the subject." In 1850 an Act had been passed, generally known as Lord Brougham's Act, which stated that in all Acts of Parliament "words imputing the masculine gender should be held to include females unless the contrary is expressly provided." But all attempts to apply this Act for the removal of the legal, electoral, or proprietary disabilities of women were entirely unsuccessful; repeated judgments were given in the Law Courts which interpreted Lord Brougham's Act as being without application to "the privileges granted by the State." These judgments, therefore, had the practical effect of laying down the principle that in an Act of Parliament the word "man" includes women when there was anything to pay or any penalty to be inflicted, but did not include women where any rights or privileges were concerned.

The history of the women's movement of the last fifty

years is the gradual removal of these intolerable grievances and anomalies. Sometimes the pace was fairly rapid; sometimes it was very slow; but it was constant and always in one direction. I have sometimes compared it, in its slowness, to the movement of a glacier; but, like a glacier, it was ceaseless and irresistible. You could not see it move, but if you compared it with a stationary object and looked again after an interval of months or years you had proof positive that it had moved. It always moved in the direction of the removal of the statutory and social disabilities of women. It established their individual liberty and freedom; they were, in fact, gradually passing from subjection to independence. That is why I said the history of the movement had been "all ups and no downs."

There is one exception in the foregoing list; the inequalities of the Divorce Act of 1857 have not been removed. But they have been unanimously condemned by a Royal Commission, on which two women sat as members, and the whole feeling of all classes on the subject is now totally different from what it was in the mid-nineteenth century. The Act itself remains in all its naïve foolishness and absurdity; but its rigorous application in accordance with its verbal meaning has become impossible, and has led to all kinds of ridiculous subterfuges in the interpretation of legal "cruelty," which Mr. Bernard Shaw and other playwrights have so cleverly satirised.

Turning now to the Parliamentary progress of the movement since 1867, we come first to the admission of women to, or, as some consider it, the restoration of women of, the Local Government Franchise. This was in 1869. In 1870, when the first Compulsory Education Act was passed, its benefits were conferred equally on boys and girls; and women as well as men were made eligible for the newly-created School Board. Three women were returned on the first London School Board, one of them (Miss Garrett, afterwards Mrs. Anderson) polling in her own constituency, Marylebone, more votes (over 47,000) than had ever been given to any candidate in any contested election in this country. Women were also returned in Manchester, Edinburgh, and other important towns. They rapidly "made good" in their new positions. They worked much more than they talked, and so gained the confidence of their fellow-members that they were put on many very important

committees. In one case, at any rate, a lady, Miss Flora Stevenson, of Edinburgh, became chairman of her Board, and was re-elected continuously for thirty-three years.

The Schools Enquiry Commission of the early 'sixties included girls' schools in the scope of their investigations. The Local Examinations of the Universities—Cambridge first in 1865, and Oxford a little later—were thrown open to women. The Girls' Public Day School Company (now the G.P.D.S. Trust) was formed, and the means of a sound secondary education placed within the reach of middle-class girls. The great educational endowments were overhauled by the Charity Commissioners, and much of the wealth which had been diverted from the education of girls was restored. Girton College, Cambridge, was founded in 1868, Newnham in 1870, and the colleges for women in Oxford followed.

The long fight for women's medical education cannot be described in detail here. It was led by three Englishwomen: Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Garrett, and Sophia Jex-Blake. They found the door of every medical school in the United Kingdom and every means of getting on the British Medical Register barred, banged, and bolted against them. They never faltered or hesitated, and did not desist from their determination that these things should be changed until success crowned their efforts. Some great men befriended them inside and outside the profession. Sir James Paget and Mr. Russell Gurney should be especially mentioned. The latter, a Member of Parliament and Recorder of the City of London, was successful in getting an Enabling Bill passed through both Houses (he was an influential Conservative), which allowed medical licensing bodies to open to women the examinations admitting to the medical profession; this was in 1877, and the first licensing body which availed itself of the freedom given by the Act was the King and Queen's College of Surgeons in Dublin. It was quickly followed by London University. All the other licensing bodies followed in due course the example thus given.

All the men and women who helped in these movements were, I think, with hardly an exception, suffragists, and it is extremely interesting, in looking back over these struggles, to see how the arguments used against us were the same then as they are to-day, or perhaps I should say the day

before yesterday, and showed the same want of faith in the capacity of women, the same determined belittling of every attempt to give women equality of opportunity and extend to them the great principle of a fair field and no favour.

In the medical movement I remember distinctly how the opponents of the women were continually asseverating that "of course it stood to reason that women could never be surgeons." The words, "it stands to reason" or "it is self-evident," should generally be construed to mean, "I do not know how to prove." And, curiously enough, it is in surgery that women have proved themselves especially distinguished. "They are better at this than we are, my boy," said a great man surgeon to a pupil of his own, when they had both been looking at a great woman surgeon performing a critical operation in the New Hospital for Women; and he added, "Well, they've been threading needles all their lives!!"

When one remembers the splendid work done for their country all through the crisis of the great war, both as physicians, surgeons and nurses, one can appreciate in some degree what the whole world has gained by giving women opportunities of professional training—opportunities which were bitterly and persistently refused them for many a year by the "anti's" of that period. Writers and professional men in Serbia, France, and other countries have borne testimony not only to the value of these services, but to the fact that they have placed the whole status of women in their countries on a different and higher level.

I have often noticed that it has fallen to the lot, from time to time, of the enemies of our movement to render it signal service. The latest instance is Lord Curzon's speech in the House of Lords on January 10th, warning the Peers of probable serious consequences to themselves if they accepted Lord Loreburn's motion to delete women's suffrage from the Representation of the People Bill. This, of course, could only have been done with a full knowledge of its consequences; but sometimes the action of anti-suffragists has been of great service to our movement without their having any perception of its probable effect. For instance, Sir Henry James, afterwards Lord James of Hereford, a powerful and able opponent of any and every extension of women's liberties, soon after the passing of the Reform Act of 1884, introduced and carried through

Parliament a very excellent and very stringent Corrupt Practices Act. Its main feature was the statutory limitation of each candidate's election expenses to a definite and very small sum per head of the voters in his constituency. The Act forbade paid canvassing altogether, and severely restrained the number of persons who could be employed by the candidates on paid work. Political agents and party wirepullers were aghast. The work had got to be done or the elections would be lost. But it could not be paid for! It occurred first of all to the Conservative Party that the way out of the difficulty was to engage the unpaid services of women. This was the germ of what afterwards became the Primrose League. The ladies were highly successful from the first, and showed great organising power. They canvassed, they spoke, they looked up removals, and did all kinds of important political work, without, of course, receiving a penny for it. Their political friends were delighted; the opposite party was correspondingly infuriated. A defeated member of the Liberal Party who attributed his failure to their efforts was betrayed into speaking of them in public as "filthy witches"; but a more philosophical frame of mind quickly replaced this burst of rage. If women could do effective work for one party, they could do it for the other; and the Women's Liberal Federation came into existence in 1886, and has held a strong place in the organisation of the Liberal Party ever since. The ladies of this Federation became, though constantly hampered by their own party machine, a power for suffrage. Every use was made of them politically, but the leaders continued to deny that the party watchwords about liberty and self-government had any application to them. The situation gradually became wholly untenable. Not long before the war the Liberal Party was issuing a paper of printed directions to those in the constituencies who were prepared to undertake electoral work in its support. The first sentence in this paper was, "Make all possible use of every available woman in your locality"; and yet these women were still to be denied the most elementary of a citizen's rights.

It was extraordinarily interesting and very encouraging to see the whole thing we were working for growing steadily under one's eyes. Of course, I see clearly that my narrative leads straight up to the anti-suffrage question:

Why do you want the vote when you have been able to do so much without it? The answer is very simple. We want the vote in order to get on with our work more quickly. It is easy to recite the achievements of fifty years in the course of half an hour. But do my readers realise the years of work it took for their actual accomplishment? I give one example. Work to open the medical profession in this country to women was begun in 1862. It was not accomplished until 1877, and was not completed even then for many a long year.

Not until the world-war were any of the great London hospitals, with one exception, open to women students for clinical teaching and experience. The most rigidly closed of all were, and still are, hospitals for women and children, because it was here that the competition of women was most feared by the men in the medical profession. But granting that the main objective was carried in 1877, for fifteen years the energies—mental, moral, physical, and economic—of a considerable group of exceptionally able women were concentrated on an object, now universally acknowledged to have been wholly beneficial and of very great national importance. It would have saved a great deal of time and money if they had had behind them the political power which the vote gives. I do not believe it will take fifteen years to get the legal profession opened to women.

My subject being women and their use of the vote, I hope it is not gratuitous folly to prophesy that they will use the vote to secure for women equality of opportunity, professional and industrial, and equality before the law, and that their progress in this direction will be much more rapid in the coming ten years than it has been in the last fifty. We know there are many things which the vote cannot do, but we believe it is certain that it will be useful in expediting reforms. Why cultivate your farm with your hands and nails when you might have a plough or a steam tractor? A well-known anti-suffragist once informed a listening world that the vote could not write a poem or paint a picture. Well, we know it; but still the vote has its uses, and the principle of government by consent of the governed, as against the principle of autocracy, holds the field.

Reaping the Tares

By Hon. 2nd Lt. R. H. Tetley

SUBCONSCIOUSLY everyone realises that food is the first necessity of life; that, despite Succi's demonstrations, food is an essential precedent to clothing, shelter, fuel, or weapons of defence. It is true that individually and momentarily a stone or a log may avert imminent danger, but nationally armaments fall in the rear.

Yet to the man in the street, using the term in its widest sense, that inchoate conception is the beginning and the end. His ignorance is so profound that Lincoln might well have added of us, "And on the question of agriculture you can fool nearly all the people all the time."

When, therefore, we pay in pocket and in stomach, as we are now paying and as we shall pay long into the future and still more heavily, be it our reflection that it is our own and our individual fault; for not only have we failed to equip ourselves with knowledge, we have not even taken the trouble to ensure that agriculture had its competent critics and capable mouthpieces. It was, and is, indeed, as imperative to the Londoner or the Mancastrian that the Member for North Wessex should be master of his subject as to the voters in that constituency—nay, more so—but he has been well content to let it be represented by some carpet-bagging barrister or plutocratic fried-fish merchant whose knowledge of his subject is equal to that of Chaldean.

Largely for this reason the Food Production Department has so far escaped the searching inquiries and scathing criticism which may greet a manufacturing Department or the Services. Inquiries will be made, not singly but in battalions, and after delivery, when the ill-equipped questioners will with one voice demand the reason why a mouse only has been produced.

Destructive criticism is weak in that the points it fails to make acquire an unduly prominent and exaggerated

importance. It should, therefore, be overwhelming, but it then frequently becomes of no avail unless followed by construction.

In this spirit let us consider the prospects held out to the nation as the expected fruit of the Food Production Department, and estimate what progress has been and is likely to be made towards its ingathering.

Three million extra acres of golden wheat rippling in the breeze of August, 1918, and let the Hun do his damnedest! Such was the roseate dream induced—and what will be the awakening?

Let us make, so to speak, a trial balance.

Of the 3,000,000 acres, 2,000,000 were to be permanent pasture put under the plough. Much play has been made of their accumulated fertility, reminding one almost of the unclaimed bank balances, and suggesting that this fertility has been, is, and would be doing nothing if left alone. The fact, however, is that even had this acreage constituted the very poorest of our 18,000,000 acres of pasture (which, owing to the flat-rate compulsory scheme, has not been the case), it provided rough grazing for milch cows, beasts, sheep, and pigs. The animals thus dispossessed must therefore either be killed or fed off the remaining 16,000,000 acres.

Immediately we poach on these latter, down goes the hay. The variation in the hay crop is extreme, it ranging from 1 to 2 tons per acre; and, apart from our own necessities for winter feed (fears having already been expressed that there will be a shortage), vast quantities of hay are required for the mules and horses overseas, and all that could be spared has been sent from the United Kingdom, the voyage to France being short and tonnage being utilised only a short time and the risk of loss diminished. The hay we cannot now find here must be obtained from Canada or other distant countries; the length of voyage and risk of loss are much increased, and many more ships must be employed. Now of all cargoes hay is about the worst, in that it is extremely light for bulk, although compressed, so that ships employed in its transport could have brought over twice the weight of wheat, bacon, oil, or other foods which cube heavily. So far, therefore, as the 2,000,000 acres are concerned, we are in the position of a

man who seeks to increase his wealth by transferring coins from one pocket to another, losing some in the operation.

The 1,000,000 acres are on a different footing. They were already under cultivation and producing food, although indirect, such as barley for malting and roots for cattle or sugar-beet. We may omit such crops as flax as inconsiderable. The prices of corn were already a sufficient inducement to the farmer to alter his rotation when possible and sow more corn, and the small farmer is the type of man who, if he desires to pursue a specific course, will get through with it somehow, weather and landlords permitting; consequently the offer to tractor or horse-plough it for him carried little or no weight. Admittedly it appealed to the large farmer and to the landed proprietor cutting up his park land, but here again a blunder was made. The makers of such British tractors as the Sanderson, Crawley, Martin, and several others, with the assistance of the Treasury, could have produced sufficient machines to fill the requirements of all who spontaneously applied for them. Their cost would have been substantially internal instead of external to the country, whilst the tonnage employed in bringing tractors across the Atlantic and that lost with cargoes could have been otherwise employed. Moreover, many large farmers have both the capital and the inclination to purchase British tractors and thus reduce national expenditure, but the makers, thanks to the Government's indifference, can only make small and belated deliveries.

However, the 2,000 tractors are here and at work after a fashion. By the time they have ploughed the 3,000,000 acres on a consumption of, say, five gallons of paraffin to the acre (the Department's criterion of tractor land is four gallons, but it would be interesting to know actual figures, six to seven gallons being the requirements of some machines in particular localities), 15,000,000 gallons will have been consumed, in addition to petrol and oil—all of which involve external payment. How many tank steamers have been lost with cargo *en route*? Without inquiring whether the loss has been so considerable, in face of the increased demand, that the defunct barrelling system has had to be resorted to—a system which involves increased

labour, delays to ships in loading and discharging, and usage of ordinary railway trucks—it is reported that out of forty-one recent launchings in the U.S.A., eight are tank steamers. Meanwhile, the public are paying 2*s.* per gallon for paraffin against the pre-war figure of 6*d.* The enormous increase in national expenditure, however, might be disregarded if we only get the corn grown.

To plough the 3,000,000 acres, each tractor would require to do 1,500 acres, or, if completed in a year, roughly 28 acres week in, week out. Whenever a tractor working in a large and level field on light soil, and blessed with fine weather, succeeds in ploughing 35–40 acres in a particular week, the Department hastens to acquaint all and sundry of the fact. We see no report, as might be made, of a unit of tractors (generally eight in number) having conjointly failed to plough a square yard in a whole week, nor of its average output in small and hilly fields and on stiff clay. Still, let us assume that by some miracle the whole acreage is ploughed within the year. At the latest the sod must be turned by October if winter wheat is in contemplation. In a great portion of the country spring wheat is out of the question, and in the rest it is a gamble. It therefore becomes obvious that, so far as the 1918 harvest in concerned, all we could possibly hope for as extra acreage available for wheat is such land as was ploughed by last October. How much was so ploughed and how much of it has been sown with wheat, and what proportion is covered with weeds, either owing to lack of labour or the farmers' hostility, or is ripening some crop other than wheat?

Still, a scheme although structurally defective may hang together and have a qualified success provided its officials know their work and command respect and the organisation is sound. These factors are absent. No one in any position of authority appears to understand the farmer and his views and difficulties, and even at this late date the farmers do not understand the scheme, whilst the buttering process to which they have been treated makes them view it with suspicion and the constitution of the County Committees fills them with derision.

Country papers, which form the chief articulate expression of the farmers, sufficiently demonstrate details of their

confusion of mind, whilst many of their troubles are summarised in the *Daily Express* of January 23rd, 1918.

The flat rate of £1 per acre charged for ploughing, whether the land be easy or difficult, is less than the enthusiastic farmer would be willing to pay, but 100 per cent. more than the reluctant farmer wishes to disburse.

Who will defend the Head Organisation of a Department which, on the one hand, employs at a higher salary an individual dismissed by another Department (and subsequently convicted) for having disclosed official secrets, which in its "explanation" in the Press naïvely protests that the salary paid was under £40 (surely the baby was a very little one), and, on the other, dismisses without investigation one of its own junior officials against whom no complaint is made? Who will approve its creation of sub-organisations which immediately precipitated themselves into internecine disputes, which left every door open for wire-pulling? What logic or reason is there in warning the supervisors, who are the junior subalterns of the scheme, that one blunder will terminate their engagement, while licence to err is given in geometrical progression to the officials of higher standing?

The procedure adopted with regard to material is on a par with that relative to *personnel*.

When the earlier tractors began to arrive these were dotted in a haphazard fashion without rhyme or reason all over the country. So-called engineers (at a high salary) were appointed for these skeleton units, and they were entrusted with administrative work for which they were, as a class, wholly unfitted. As a natural result chaos followed, and supervisors had to be appointed to each unit. The lack of enthusiasm with which the "engineers" greeted the "supervisors" was poignantly described at a meeting of the latter held on September 24th, 1917.

Now whilst light land in favourable circumstances may yield 30–40 bushels per acre, with similar fortune 50–60 or more may be obtained from stiff land. On the other hand, bad weather renders the stiff land unploughable more speedily than the light, and, once sodden, the stiff land holds the wet, whilst the light dries out more rapidly. For all these reasons all available machines should have been concentrated on arrival on the heavier lands. Moreover,

when land becomes ploughable the farmer who possesses more than one team concentrates on one field instead of dividing his strength among his arable fields. By this means one field at least is rapidly ploughed, harrowed if need be, and sown; consequently, if the weather breaks, that at least is on the way to harvest. Partly perhaps for the reason that whatever the farmer does must be wrong, and partly because the farmers in seven parishes might be annoyed if all the eight tractors were working in the eighth parish, we have the spectacle of eight tractors idle for weather without one of them having finished a field. Concentration would, moreover, tend to economy in supply, and the supervisor, instead of acting as a common carman (at a salary of £208, and in many cases of over £350) and spending his time in hurrying round to eight separate parishes, would have some opportunity of exercising a real supervision.

It has been suggested (but denied by the Department) that the ploughing up of pasture is to some extent responsible for the shortage of milk. That suggestion was made at too early a date to be capable of proof, because although the number of milch cows has admittedly shown a decrease, there is no sufficiency of reliable data to show how many were slaughtered in the autumn after the publication of the Maximum Price Order; but beyond all question, when the next census is taken, there will be disclosed a diminution in milking herds. Fewer milch cows mean less milk and fewer calves. Fewer calves involve fewer heifers for the dairy farm and fewer beasts for slaughter, and incidentally fewer beasts mean less farmyard manure, to which the farmer clings with a well-founded faith. We thus have the vicious circle completed.

Dairy farmers have not failed to expostulate. To their remonstrations Mr. Prothero says, "Plough your pasture and store-feed your cattle." Superficially this advice is sound and can be statistically supported; practically it is useless, for, as the British farmer has looked askance at silage, so will he be blind to the policy of store-feeding, not through perversity, not merely through his innate disinclination to innovations, but largely because he takes the long view, and is rightly doubtful of future labour supply, and store-feeding involves more labour than utmost graz-

ing. Advice thus spasmodically shot at point-blank range, however sound, is not calculated to produce much effect when years of patient efforts at inculcation by men who are on the spot, in continual touch with, and often having the personal friendship and always the respect of, the farmers, have moved them so slightly.

To sum up:

The scheme has involved very heavy external capital expenditure on tractors and spare parts of foreign manufacture, which, owing to their rude construction (parts usually machined being rough cast), to their being employed on land, or under conditions which impose an undue strain, and to inexperience of the earlier drivers, must be depreciated at an enormous rate.

There is also for external payment a very large fleet of Ford vans, one being allotted to each supervisor and one to each engineer. The ploughs and cultivators involve further heavy internal capital expenditure, and require continual renewal of skim coulters, coulter blades, share points, and disc coulters, besides less frequent renewal of other parts. The working expenses are heavy. A unit of eight tractors, with, say, half the drivers and half the ploughmen civilians, and the remainder soldiers, which is accomplishing its necessary quota of 28 acres per week, will have a wages-sheet of not far short of £50, and if standing idle the whole week will only show a reduction of unploughed acreage bonus. In either event the supervisor's, engineer's, and supplies clerk's salaries will swell this by £10 to £13 10*s*., and over the supervisors are the tractor representatives, one or more to each county, according to size. The establishment at Victoria Street and base depôt at Willesden bring us to a total at which we can only guess. Finally, we have the enormous external payment for fuel and oil, freight, tonnage engaged, and boats and cargoes lost.

At the moment of writing it is reported that there has been completed one-quarter of the land scheduled to be ploughed, during the winter.

Recollecting that £1 per acre is supposed to be paid by the farmer, *shall we overestimate if we suggest that each acre has cost over £8 to plough?*

We have expended and are expending enormous sums;

we have disgruntled a large number of the small farmers; we have stolen the hayfield and reduced future supplies of milk, beasts, and sheep; and we are on the way to getting very litte extra wheat.

But no doubt the Department is satisfied with its work and with itself.

Yet the problem was not insoluble—that is to say, our corn acreage could have been increased considerably, though not to any specific figure; we should have incurred a much smaller capital expenditure, and that mostly internal; there would have been a discriminating and not a ruthless ploughing up of pasture, and that at the farmers' own volition; the hay crops would have been diminished, but not recklessly; the herds would have been increased; receipts would, at all events, have approximated to expenditure; tonnage would have been released and sea losses diminished; and the farmer would have been pleased, or at the worst indifferent.

The question has been badly handled and regarded from the wrong angle. It needed a DICTATOR and more co-ordination between food production and food control, and finally it needed approaching the right—the Milky Way.

[Exigencies of going to press prevent any detailed reference to the debate in the House on February 14th, 1918, but it may be observed with satisfaction that the need for co-ordination immediately above referred to is beginning to be realised.]

(To be continued.)

The Ides of March

By Austin Harrison

THE other day I was reading Lord Eversley's recent history of the Turkish Empire—it was like re-reading *Robinson Crusoe*. The book, which makes no claims to original research and is based on the monumental work of v. Hammer, chronicles the greatness and decline of the Ottomans under the astonishing ten fighting Sultans who fought on horses, followed by the three hundred years of decay under Sultans who did not fight on horses and were the creatures of the harem. It is an Oriental story in its magnificence and its moral. At first it is history, finally it becomes modern politics, the question of the European "balance of power," and when we get down to those chapters it is impossible not to feel the bathos and relevancy of the Turk in the hideous drama of to-day. Lord Eversley has decided that the Turks did not conquer for Moslem, but for loot and spoil; they massacred, and in turn were massacred—the Christians always massacred them whenever they got the chance—yet for the last hundred years Turkey virtually held the scales in Europe because of the jealousy of the civilised Powers, and the best friend the "sick man" ever had was Disraeli. We fought Russia for him; we nearly fought France for him; we kept Abdul Hamid II. on the throne for decades, thereby preventing peace and progress in the Balkans; and at the Berlin Congress in 1878 [which we called a "Peace with honour"] Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury legitimised the Turkish misrule in Europe, thus laying the foundations of that secret diplomatic struggle which culminated in the great war and found its Turkish epitaph in Gallipoli.

It was the story of this game that I found so strangely interesting and apposite—the balance of power! Through the centuries kings, nations, empires have fought for it, sometimes in Crusades, sometimes for no reason at all, and

always history has to record an end which turns out to be no end, but merely a transvaluation. Always we find the same things, the same charges of cruelty or what not, and always the morality is power, whether it be that of Solyman "the Magnificent," or Prince Eugen, or Suvarof, or Boney, or Disraeli, or Abdul Hamid himself. And reading this book, we must fain recognise that Nicholas was right about sick Turkey, and that we were wrong when we fought Russia in the Crimea; and that if we had not done so, or, as Lord Salisbury subsequently phrased it, "had not put our money on the wrong horse," long years ago the anomaly of a Turkey in Europe would have disappeared, and in all probability this war would never have originated.

But there it is—history or the chronicle of power; and so it was in 1914, for which object the Germans went to war; and so this world-conflagration will be decided: by power, unless the nations of Europe can somehow win to a new orientation. At this hour we are at the beginning of the fifth fighting year, yet so far no new ethic has been discovered save the primeval cry of victory, which we may fairly date from Eden. The Turks always used it when they put to death a whole captured town, and so did the Christians in their turn. But to-day the magnitude of death and disaster has caused some men to think a little. We hear less positive claims. A little of the old Gladstone is returning to us, and thus we find tossed about strange formulas such as "self-determination," national liberty, and the millennium of a League of Nations. They sound civilised, these terms; it is the fashion to allude to them as democratic; yet when we come to examine them no man seems able to explain, for obviously the right of self-determination might prove a pretty awkward test for what is called Empire, as the Russians, who first started it, are discovering. As for the League of Nations, it is still so far but an Americanism, which seems, as they say, "too good to be true," and is sternly rejected by M. Clemenceau.

We stand, then, in the Ides of March before the supreme tragedy and the supreme decision of old Europe. This March either the fighting will be renewed, in which case

sanity and construction will have to await the mud and rain of the autumn—unless, of course, "victory" or the old Edenic decision is conclusive—or men really make some brave attempt now to anticipate the old bloody way, and see not only what there is left to fight for, but how an end can be reached. On the decision that we take this March the issue, and the nature of the issue, of the great war will assuredly depend.

All wars in history have ended with the result of force, however qualified, however obtained, however ephemeral, though recent wars, notably the Russo-Japanese War, have tended to end—intestate. There is no morality in war, as Napoleon said; there is therefore no morality in the diplomacy of the balance of power, or, at any rate, only a morality of degree, clearly defined by Bismarck as real-politics or a "healthy selfishness." Begun for power, this war will end by power, must inevitably so end unless we obtain an alternative objective to the historic game of the balance of power, which implies a new world-attitude and a new international morality.

This is what we have to decide. If we want to obtain a New World, then we must seek a new interpretation of international morality; but as this is a spiritual conception, so inevitably its instrument must be spiritual. M. Clemenceau rejects the idea of a League of Nations because he does not believe in its realisation. He belongs to the old school of thought, he is a "real-politician," and so he aims only at victory. The spiritual side comes from America, from the land we Europeans have hitherto designated as materialistic, and it is as a voice from Utopia. "Peace without victory," we heard; the "freedom of the seas"; a "League of Nations"—these are some of the messages. Old Europe soaked in blood does not understand. Have these words a meaning, or are they merely suggestions for a formula? All Huns, ours and theirs, dislike this demonstration (to borrow a word from Christian Science). We cannot "see" this European round table. The Christianity of Europe, which is to-day politics, finds no words of response. Some think it visionary, others

pacifist, the rest think not at all about it, so remote the land of promise seems—the land where the nations cease from fighting and the politicians are at rest. And yet it is Old Europe's spiritual chance. The war has to-day become in a real sense a cataclysm threatening the foundations of capital and society, becoming more and more a struggle of class, and no man in the mad vortex of fear, greed, hatred, and error can see an issue.

The Versailles declaration is clearly seen to be a declaration of war; on the other hand, Mr. Wilson, who controls the physical position absolutely so far as the Entente Powers are concerned, has declared against a peace based upon "the game, now for ever discredited, of the Balance of Power"; again, Mr. Balfour, who seems lately to be losing his manners, answered the recent utterances of Hertling and Czernin as if he had not read them or did not want to know what they said, to which the Germans have retorted that we are aiming at an Anglo-American world-domination. Meanwhile there are more terrible revelations in the way of secret treaties, this time Roumania. According to the *Manchester Guardian*, Tsardom evidently did not desire Roumania to enter the war because Russia did not want an aggrandised Roumania; not so the French. By the secret treaty we handed over the Serbs of the Banat to Roumania, plus a fat portion of Hungary and the racially Magyar area of Transylvania: all, as it were, "in the air," regardless of our power of execution, literally, as Mr. Dillon showed in the House not long after the Roumanian disaster, as a bribe without responsibility. Such is the tale of the Roumanian tragedy. To-day (February 18th) I read in the Press that Mr. Hyndman accuses the Government of dispatching General Smuts to Switzerland to try to negotiate a separate peace with Austria, and Mr. Hyndman is rightly indignant. And all this in the name of Democracy and the freedom of the peoples, whereas the truth is that Mr. George's Government is more secretive, irresponsible, and dictatorial than any Government we have ever had, and the people know nothing whatever of what the Government is hatching and pledging the country to, and the old vicious secret game goes on more ferociously than at any time in our history.

THE IDES OF MARCH

Here then we stand, in the Ides of March, saddled with a bunch of secret treaties involving pledges which, if realised, would completely change the map of Europe, and we none of us know whether these treaties are binding or what the deuce we are to do about them. The Government declines to denounce them, and if a question is asked in the House, some lackadaisical member of the millionaire Hotel direction affects to know nothing about them or discreetly changes the subject. And while this unutterable farce continues in Parliament, Mr. Wilson, like Jupiter on high, sends ever more bewildering messages of love and idealism, while the soldiers at the Front prepare for the great enemy offensive due about the Ides of March, which is to start the war again. In the midst of these alarums and eirenicons the astonishing Trotsky pursues his religious anarchy, like a Messiah come to bring about the disruption of the Old World, and Russia drifts into a fairy-tale. It is a wonderful hour. It has all the appearances of the great penultimate stage in the war, leading Heaven knows to what new madness or revolution, or to what volcanic solution.

It may, of course, be fate. Old Europe may be in the throes of a predestined collapse, and possibly it is written that the Furies of War have still to destroy the good stuff that is left before light and reason can return to us. In any case, there is but a brief space in which to anticipate them. But Mr. Wilson seems to be trying, he has just the chance of an epoch. If the American President sincerely desires to end the plight of Old Europe, I think he can—by acting now. Only he will have to be very quick and very resolute. He can only succeed, in fact, by demanding immediate representation on the new Versailles Council and explaining to it the American position and responsibility. I mean that he must inform us definitely what a League of Nations means and decide who is to control the political side of the war: Versailles, which rejects such a League,—Lord Robert Cecil again spoke deprecatingly of it the other day—or the Power which advocates it; and when that matter is decided we can pass—but not before—to further constructive work. As it is, Versailles has proclaimed war, and as the treaties have not been denounced we can only conclude that they stand, at least as a poten-

tiality. The vestal robe that Mr. George put on to smooth Democracy with has again been changed for the armour-plate waistcoat of the "knock-out," and we have no further illusions as to its meaning. In the face of that decree, Labour once more demands an International Conference, and this time Mr. George is unlikely to resort to the "door-mat." Yet there may be difficulties and great disillusion; there may even be obstruction, which will not help things forward either here or in Europe. We have a technical crisis also about the military side of Versailles, and in France there is the pending drama of M. Caillaux. The cycle of crises is growing and temper is not improving. In these circumstances the best thing that Mr. Wilson can do is to associate himself firmly and responsibly with the self-appointed Junta at Versailles.

If he will only do that, we can begin. Begin by denouncing the secret treaties; by the clear specification of aims—without which we have no objective; by announcing to the world our conception of a League of Nations. I do not know whether General Smuts really has been sent to try separate negotiations with Austria; if so, it will be a goose-chase, and will not conduce to our dignity. Negotiations at this juncture seems premature and foredoomed to failure. Only force remains or—the new orientation, that New World which Mr. Wilson dangles before our eyes to the general mystification and—discomfiture. The simple truth is that either America intervenes now and assumes political control of the war, or the war will assume control of America. That means almost inevitably the prolongation of war into 1919, as, of course, no man knows better than Mr. Wilson. In all history, no ruler has ever been faced with a more responsible decision. On it millions of lives must depend, and probably the whole fabric of European society, for this year America cannot be physically a determinant, while the likelihood of German recuperation owing to the Russian situation has now become a certainty. The problem resolves itself into control either from Washington or Versailles.

There is the alternative of Labour, and if America decides not to intervene actively it is quite conceivable that

a resurgent Internationalism may force our Government to the polls—a course which seems, at present at any rate, more calculated to split the country into sides than to bring about a right end to the war in the absence of any generally accepted basic principle. For Labour does not control in Germany, and if the Germans get corn and food from the Ukraine, it is unlikely to. That is the root difficulty of an "Internationalism" which is not genuinely international. All the same, Labour has a twofold opportunity in the experiment, which, in the absence of all statesmanship here, it would be entirely justified to attempt. But, as things are, Labour itself would seem divided. In this country Labour is not Socialism. The question of principle would immediately arise; there would be questions of nationality, and they might find the Bolsheviks treating a patriotic Labour very much as they are treating the Finns, as the result of the application of the principle of self-determination. We have yet to see whether Europe on fire can be extinguished by a principle; which, in the polarity of capital *versus* labour and nationality *versus* internationalism, has certainly not yet found any general or accepted specification, and has only as yet touched logic in the spiritual, economic, and political disintegration of All the Russias.

The problem of Europe is thus of a dual and conflicting character. No longer is it truly a war of Empires or groups of Powers, for the defection of Russia has given it a class or economic curve which in itself constitutes a secondary war or war within war, now rapidly gathering solidarity and momentum. It may be that this is the liberating force destined to burst the integument of the old feudal and capitalistic society, and that the end will not come until the process of combustion is complete. It is certain that the war has upset all values and all calculations, and that Europe cannot be as before. The gold standard, the credit system, capital—who will venture to say what the morrow has in store for these old gods of man? Another year of war, and how are we to pay the bill, to pay even the interest on the bill with the high prices that must persist for years after peace and the high wages that the men who have fought will inevitably demand? We cannot pay them on national credit. The old law of the market

will return, and men will discover that we have lived during war on orgy. On book-keeping. What will the god, Capital, do then?

I come back to Mr. Wilson, for he alone can save Europe from shipwreck. There are three great difficulties to peace: (1) Alsace-Lorraine, (2) the German colonies, (3) Turkey, which latter is a far more complicated question than most people imagine. The Eastern side is no longer our issue. With the exception of the first of these, which is a root issue, all the rest are determinable by principle provided we can arrive at a principle which is not founded on the basis of the balance of power—a game, as Mr. Wilson says, "now for ever discredited." But that qualification alone will not suffice, especially if at Versailles the gentlemen who secretly control our destinies in the name of Democracy politely decline to accept it; and so, if the intention is good but the method indifferent, we shall not register much progress. And that is the road we have come to. Our phrases are beautiful, but there is no application, and in the latest catchword, "self-determination," we have the pure specific for the knell of Empire. Two years ago the mere mention of such a thing cost the Headmaster of Eton his place.

To-day it is a commonplace which seems to show that the reason of Europe has progressed far more rapidly than its Governments, and here we have the real problem of the war. The Governments of Europe have not progressed; they all stand, as in 1914, custodians of the balance of power, thinkers in boundaries and markets. To them the "game" remains a game, or, as Mr. George defines it, we have to "go on or go under"—which shows that he is not thinking Americanly. Still, that is the problem. Lord Robert Cecil demurely hints at a partial League of Nations, by which he means a group of Powers to smash another group; Trotsky defies the capitalist world; Hindenburg thinks only of supremacy; M. Clemenceau, like the modern Coriolanus, bids democratic internationalism reach the Rhine. Not exactly a hopeful configuration, and, were it not for the sane idealism of Mr. Wilson, in all probability hopeless. The

question therefore is: Can Mr. Wilson now act constructively? Can he compel a return to reason here and in Europe, or will America be drawn also into the maelstrom of war with the sole object of physical victory?

Let us take, as an example of the right of self-determination, Alsace-Lorraine; the question that arises is the date. There must be a beginning, or we shall land in comic opera, but assume the year 1870 is the formula, and that it is also accepted by the enemy. What follows? The Turks can legitimately claim Tripoli from Italy; the Moors can claim Morocco from France; the Arabs—in whose name Mr. George officially legitimised our seizure of Palestine and Mesopotamia—can claim Algiers, etc., etc.; and the Turks can equally claim Egypt. In fact, if 1870 is to date the principle, the Turkish Empire will have to be largely restored in Europe and elsewhere, not diminished; as for Africa, the date opens out an almost endless field for national reclamation from the Zulus downward. There is also China, who would naturally demand the return of the ports and "spheres of interest"; there is Cochin China; likewise Spain would be entitled to Cuba and the Philippines. There is Persia. Logically enforced, the principle is the negation of Empire—France would be de-imperialised—unless we claim the right to establish an exception in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, which, of course, would leave us precisely where we are. These high-flown principles are dangerous catchwords. Trotsky was taken on by the Germans on the principle of self-determination, with the result that the Russias immediately separated, whereupon the Bolshevists attacked their separatist parts. The date goes to the root of the matter, but unless we go very far back in history no date much before the invention of gunpowder could bring justice and contentment to the various nationalities of Europe; moreover, 1870 will not help the Poles, who of all peoples deserve renationalisation. If the desire is to estabish a mosaic of European peoples, then I submit we will be laying the seeds of interminable war, not of peace, for Europe would become a greater Balkan imbroglio. Seriously, the only advantage I can descry in remapping Europe from 1870 is that, at any rate, we should recover Heligoland.

What the world needs to-day is a new atmosphere, for hatred is always short-lived. Who, for example, remembers that Napoleon deliberately caused to be shot in cold blood some 8,000 Turks who had surrendered to him in Syria? To-day we want to be liberated from hate, which is really only an expression of fear, and here Mr. Wilson might immediately strike a world-note. The balance of power has shifted to America; it is therefore America who controls the war, who absolutely can direct its course or sanction its continuation, who thus alone can regulate its end. All that he has to do is to insist upon American political representation at Versailles, and obtain from our leaders a clear answer as to whether they reject the idea of a League of Nations or not, and, if they do reject it, to acquaint the democracies of Europe with the fact. At least we should know where we stand, which is more than any of us know to-day, and we could then take our own decisions. It would then be open to us to get a new Government and a new Parliament, and, if we decide to fight on implacably, to get some measure of responsibility in the place of the intrigue, Press, and backstairs Government that we have to-day. But if Mr. Wilson does not make up his mind to intervene forcibly, then the Ides of March will probably find us at war again for another good six months

---

That may be the only thing to do. If so, then the less we talk of a League of Nations the better, for the one is a contradiction of the other. Personally, I cannot understand how we are to obtain this good thing unless we try to obtain it, and at present it is clear that at Versailles they are not thinking about it. In any case, its accomplishment will be profoundly difficult, because it presupposes an entirely new attitude; moreover, it is the negation of the "knock-out." The study of history does not make one optimistic. We are fighting to-day for the balance of power precisely as the old Sultans fought in their days. If Mr. Wilson can lead Europe into a nobler reason of state and a finer ethic, then his hour of revelation has come; for as we cannot win physically without him, so we can only win to that spiritual and higher world with him.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

MADAME ADAM. By WINIFRED STEPHENS. Chapman and Hall. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

"La Grande Française" has shown her fine sense of fitness in leaving her biography to other hands than her own, and Miss Stephens has given the world an account of this remarkable personality, life, and influence with all the intimate details guaranteed by a long friendship, but from external point of view, which turns gossip and ideas into history and drama. To read the story of this remarkable life is to get a picture of political and artistic France, from the Revolution of '48 down to the *poilu* of to-day, seen intelligently and emotionally through a pair of eyes which has witnessed more than most of the intimate inwardness of things. It is a wonderful life, and Miss Stephens has preserved all the vital touches of its development—such a procession of personages and ideas to marshal, but an effective pageant attained. Indexed, referenced, and illustrated with modest completeness, this "life" is an example of frank and judicious editing.

FICTION

THE LOOM OF YOUTH. By A. WAUGH. Grant Richards. 6*s*. net.

This "young" but useful novel on Public School life has excited wide interest: it is a healthy sign. THE ENGLISH REVIEW first attacked that senile, conservative, Dead Sea institution—the Public Schools—but that was before the war, and men merely smiled the vapid, semi-contemptuous, class smile of indifference; to-day people have begun to think again. There is no sensation in this book. The writer avoids the schoolboy writers' pet hobby, a fight, and there are too many accounts of "footer" matches, and perhaps too many omissions to justify genuine praise. Yet the tone and spirit are true. Youth speaks from every page, and youth is what we want in this country; and the boy writer, while shrewdly critical, manages to

avoid the unpleasant with that delightful healthiness which is one, at any rate, of the virtues of the system. The evil he clearly diagnoses as the games worship. There he is right. He sketches the rise of his young Caruthers to the very top, and leaves him silently questioning. Well, that is philosophy, and if many boys ever attain to that attitude on quitting school they have learnt something. The language is a little astonishing. That is new; twenty years ago the language was school slang, not Whitechapel. Let us hope Papas and Mammas will read this bright exposition and learn that if England is to recover she must reform these schools.

"E." By JULIAN HINCKLEY. John Long. 6*s*. net.

This is a fresh and delightful story, with, as the advertisement truthfully says, more than a touch of genius in it. It is a story of smart American society written upon an entirely new prescription. The author has a great deal of Thackeray's depth and tenderness, combined with the irresponsible modernity of O. Henry, but this rough estimate of a thing so subtle as personality must be taken as a mere indication, for Mr. Hinckley is altogether himself. "E." is a sweet young girl, the daughter of a delightful mother and a father whose cynical selfishness makes capital reading. We see the vainglorious Newport world in its exclusiveness and its extravagance, and meet people who never fail to interest and amuse. There are ups and downs, comedy and tragedy, but through all runs the double thread of keen perception and companionable wisdom. "E." is a book to read.

MAID OF THE MOONFLOWER. By CECIL ADAIR. Stanley Paul and Co. 6*s*.

Quite an idyllic romance of the Sunny South, played leisurely in the Republic of San Salvador, where the war-drums are only heard in the distance, but the effect of the war is, nevertheless, felt by the handful of characters round which the story revolves. To San Salvador comes a young English officer suffering from wounds and shock, a charming English girl and her young brother, with a French aunt, who has given up her château to Red Cross uses. There is a garden with a ghost, where a pretty comedy is enacted

which nearly turns to tragedy but for the English girl's presence of mind; and the story will appeal to all romance-lovers as a well-planned and eminently readable piece of work.

SOCIAL

THE FREE PRESS. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Allen and Unwin. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has amplified his criticism of the "servile State" in a volume called *The Free Press*, wherein he denounces the creature of capitalism. Without the smallest doubt the Press in a democracy, or rather a plutocracy, is a serious problem, which to-day is critically symptomatic; and if Mr. Belloc is somewhat tiresomely artistic in his one-sidedness, and occasionally not a little pedantic, his capital charge is real, and it is that the Press is capitalistic. The answer is that every country has the Press it deserves. We live in a capitalistic era, and our Press is commercial because modern life is commercial. The Press does not regard itself as a schoolmaster; it is a business, and so Fleet Street is controlled by shrewd capitalists for the simple reason that there is money in the public, precisely as in other spheres of life men have become grossly materialistic, including art itself. The stricture applies to the capitalistic state of society, and quite particularly to America. Newspapers are mirrors. If the public wanted better newspapers, we need not doubt but that it would get them.

Look at our moribund Parliament—has the Press anything worse to show than that institution? Where are our public men, our Pro-Consuls? On the whole, the Press is the least unworthy. To repeat: we have the Press we deserve; the solution is education. So long as the public in contented with a low-standard Press, so long will the evil continue. When democracy is better educated it will demand better mental nourishment. Yet Mr. Belloc may be of good heart. We are living in times of flux and revolution, and the war will not leave the conditions of Fleet Street as they were in 1914. There will be Labour to look to soon. And Labour may introduce legislation prohibiting the Trust Press system which would go a long way to free and reform the Press. THE ENGLISH REVIEW has fought

many a fight for freedom of expression in the teeth of boycott and prejudice, but Mr. Belloc does not mention the work done for literary and civic liberty by the REVIEW, perhaps because it was done before *The New Witness* came into existence.

WAR

A SECOND DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR. By SAML. PEPYS, JUNR. Illustrated. The Bodley Head. 5*s*. net.

Saml. Pepys, Junr., continues his diary from January, 1916, to June, 1917, and readers of the first volume will eagerly welcome the second, for so delightfully does he follow his famous prototype that we feel if the original Pepys were alive to-day he would have done much the same thing. It is full of satiric wit and humour, but is, nevertheless, a faithful record of the everyday happenings as seen through the eyes of a sympathetic fellow-citizen of our age—a man of infinite understanding who cleverly hits off the weaknesses of human nature, and especially of himself as narrator. It is always entertaining and refreshing to see the illustrations by John Kettlewell, which are in perfect harmony, and the attractive brown binding and way of printing are all absolutely in the picture. We await eagerly the third volume of this most excellent diary.

THE OLD FRONT LINE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Wm. Heinemann. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a propaganda book which, of course, Mr. Masefield—as the artist—has no business to write. He evidently realises this himself, but fortunately he does not indulge in military disquisitions or military prophecies on the lines of what the late Professor Kettle so humorously called "Belloc-quacity." So the poet is given as much rein as possible. On the whole, he has turned out quite a delightful book, following the old line up and down, and writing about it in good English. The illustrations are quite excellent.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.